EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

O.P. 5/44

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BY
DALLAS LORE SHARP

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NOTE

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EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY

CHAPTER I

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL

I

"WE must sell the public school to the American people," said the speaker, as if the public school were somebody's chewing gum, or a yellow dog, or a new idea, and foreign to Americans.

"We must sell the Stars and Stripes to the American people," he will say next, as if the flag were somebody's cheese cloth, or a mining stock, or a new idea out of Russia.

> "Hats off!
> Along the street there comes
> A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
> A flash of color beneath the sky;
> Hats off!
> The flag is passing by!"

Sell their flag to the American people? They have already bought it and paid for it with their

blood. So, too, the American people have bought the American public school, and over it flung the American flag, and upon it, as the head of the corner, builded the American Nation. I never knew until yesterday that we have yet to sell (how I loathe the term!) the public school to the American public.

The American public school is as truly national as the American flag. It came into being before the flag. It is the earliest and outermost breastwork of American defense over which the flag flies. In 1647 (only twenty-seven years after the landing at Plymouth), Massachusetts Bay Colony passed a law ordering every town of fifty householders to provide a public school by public tax, if need be, for all the people; the law further ordering that every town of one hundred families should set up a grammar school in order to prepare students for the University, for Harvard University, founded by the General Court in 1638, the original State University! Public education supported and supervised by the State was the original American educational programme.

This act of 1647, embodying the principle of

universal compulsory education in Massachusetts, became the policy of the Nation when on the 13th of July, 1787, there was passed the "Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio," wherein the Nation went on record, uttering its educational creed in the famous words: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." And the Nation backed this faith up with works in the shape of land grants — public lands set aside to sell and to lease for the purpose of maintaining the schools; these national land grants by the year 1900, reaching the grand total of 86,138,433 acres, an area as great as Prussia, as great as the six New England States with New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware added. This is an impressive figure and national in its application; just as the utterance explaining it was impressive and national in its bearing. Word and deed are ample proof of our national faith in the public school, and of our purpose to render it national support. And they are more

than proof that from the beginning the true character of the American public school has been strictly a national character, though administered by the separate States.

But the public school is not only national, as national as the flag; it is also native, as native as the Mississippi River and these hills of Hingham. These hills indeed were brought here on the back of a glacier, whereas the American public school is indigenous. It was not brought from anywhere. It originated here to meet an utterly new educational need.

Just so the famous Compact, signed in the cabin of the Mayflower that Saturday afternoon in November, 1620, originated here to meet an utterly new political need. And as the Compact stands to this time, and shall stand to all time, possibly, as the most daring and significant of political programmes, and the most American; so in the whole history of education, the law of 1647 and the Ordinance of 1787 became the most revolutionary and significant of educational programmes, creating as they did the public school, the most truly native and American of all our national institutions.

The forty-one men who signed the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower had sailed under authority derived from the Virginia Company. But they had sailed beyond the reach of that authority when they crossed the forty-first degree, north latitude, and came into Plymouth Harbor. Finding themselves outside the jurisdiction of a royal charter, those forty-one men compacted together for a new charter, "In the name of God, Amen!"— the first instance in human history where ordinary men, lacking royal and external authority, compact together and prove that from within they are capable of being their own authority.

Not less daring and momentous was the origin of universal and compulsory education in America. Of the Act of 1647, requiring every Massachusetts town of fifty households to furnish free schools, Horace Mann said: "It is impossible for us adequately to conceive the boldness of the measure which aimed at universal education through the establishment of free schools. As a fact it had no precedent in the world's history; and as a theory it could have been refuted and silenced by a more formidable array of argument

and experience than was ever marshalled against any other institution of human origin."

We forget this beginning of the public school, how strictly native and national it is — how instinct it is with the inmost soul of democracy. The public school is more than the intellectual expression of democracy; it is the hope, the strength, the beauty of democracy; its way, and truth, and life.

Driven by the winds of destiny past the most arrogant parallel of royal power, the little Mayflower came to anchor with her Compact at Plymouth in a new human harbor, close in against a new political shore. The Pilgrims lived but a year under their Compact — it being but "the first foundation of their government in this place," as Bradford says. "First foundation" it was, nevertheless, and on that foundation has since been reared the whole structure of our Democracy. It was only twenty-seven years after the Compact was signed that the people of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, feeling out their new liberty and their new responsibility, created, in answer to both liberty and responsibility, their first native institution, the American pub-

lic school, thus stamping forever the quality of American Democracy, and establishing forever the character and the business of the public school.

How early they felt the true drift of their tide — that only universal intelligence and a common grasp of the moral nature of Democracy would save them from the rocks! That personal intelligence and a common moral conscience were an absolute need for the safety of a free people!

The Forty-One in the Mayflower could not realize fully the significance of their Compact. They were Englishmen, and they signed their revolutionary agreement in the name of God and also in the name of "our soveragne lord King James, of England," which means that they brought to the new land their old name of King, and what they could of their old customs and institutions, using them so far as they applied to the new conditions. They lived but a year under their Mayflower Compact — only till the arrival of the Fortune bringing a new royal patent. But the "first foundation" had been laid there in the cabin of the Mayflower. The

Fortune's royal charter was destined not to endure. The Old-World King and the Old World institutions were destined not to endure. The first to go was the Old World school. They cannot pour the new wine of democracy into the old skins of aristocracy and have them hold.

Democracy is a new spirit. It is un-European (if not anti-European) and no European term or institution can express or contain it. Yet we Americans have all come from European countries, and we have all tried to carry off with us, as Rachel did, our fathers' Teraphim — our ancient ancestral institutions.

Some of us hail from a medieval Europe, as far back as the days of the Holy Roman Empire, and are bringing over, and are trying to set up, the old feudal castle, and the knight and the medieval monastery to do the work of this new democracy. Others of us come from autocracies and aristocracies, bringing the institutions of militarism and of social caste, as if these could be made to function in a democracy.

They belong to our low-vaulted Old-World past. Their domes are too narrow for democracy. Ever since the daring dreamers started to

build with Plymouth Rock their new American house each of them, leaving his old dwelling for the new,

"Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more."

Would it were true! But most of us do not yet realize how entirely new we are, how unlike Europe we are, and how futile are the mind and the machinery of Europe in democratic America.

The genius of this country is Anglo-Saxon, English, both by inheritance and custom. Be it so. Nevertheless, there is not a single existing English institution, habit, or attitude, that, unmodified, will express what this country now is. Yet, over all the land, we are importing English aristocratic schools, and importing English masters, not a few, to administer them. And we are sending our democratic children to these aristocratic schools to have them educated for democracy! Do men gather grapes of thorns?

English as we are in spirit, almost fifty per cent of us Americans are of other than Anglo-Saxon stock, out of other lands than England; and among other things, we bring with us our

schools — Old-World religious schools, thousands of them; and we send our American children by the tens of thousands to them, schools named with old names, not with the new name of our Nation, schools which look back into a dim dead past, not out upon a living present. And we expect these Old-World schools to make New-World minds! Do men gather figs of thistles?

One of the most mistaken institutions in America is the parochial school. If it is the purpose, as it seems, of the Catholic Church to build parochial high schools, in addition to the grade schools and colleges, so that every Catholic child can be fully educated without entering an American public school, then the Catholic Church becomes educationally a rival to the State.

Why should this Church withdraw from the American public school and, at enormous expense to itself, build a *different* school? Why in the fundamental process of making Americans, cannot the Catholic Church accept the historic, the established, the fundamental institution for that purpose? In withdrawing, it proclaims its distrust of the American public school, and of

the American public, except the Catholic portion of it. It would seem to believe in educating only the Catholic public. This is not the attitude of Catholics only; but let the millions of Methodists do as the Catholics do; let the Baptists, let the Jews, let Capital, let Labor — let every tribe and trade, every caste and creed, thus set about the building-up, by the powerful means of education, its own closed mind, and our House of Democracy, founded upon the Rock of mutual understanding and support, comes crashing to its fall!

II

As a fact our House of Democracy cannot fall. It is as yet only a foundation. We have never had a democracy. There have never been enough of us who want one in America. We passionately desire one in China. Each of us wants his theocracy, his plutocracy, his aristocracy, and insists on getting it. Democracy is as intensely personal as any of these, but it differs from them all in being completely unselfish. Perhaps a democracy is impossible. Many believe the dream has already had its day, and

must give place to something more practical. Democracy is still discussed, no term more discussed, nor more disliked nor more distrusted. "American Misgivings" are not confined to our essayists. They are entertained by the whole world — this world which was to have been made safe for democracy, and which included America, of course. Events since the war make some of us Americans tremble for the safety of democracy here. We know that its enemies are not all in the ranks of the Reds. The ultra-Whites are as dead against it as the deepest-dyed Reds, the reactionary as much as the radical. Let one look with contempt or suspicion or indifference upon so fundamental an institution as the public school; let him draw off and leave it to the poor, the colored, the "foreign," the unholy, and thus divide the House of Democracy — that one is the enemy of America!

But he talks of "liberty." "Is not liberty, rather than democracy, the true spirit of America? Am I not free to get anything I can honestly?"— he asks. The letter killeth democracy. The spirit maketh alive; and the spirit of democracy is not

"Of all my father's family
I love myself the best"

— is not get, but give.

Freedom and liberty are personal. "Give me liberty or give me death" is out of Cain's mouth as much as out of Patrick Henry's, only Cain had no sense of social responsibility. I am not first free, then responsible — but responsible first, then free; and my largest freedom is found only in my largest social responsibility. The average American parent has not come to feel his social responsibility in Education. His sense of obligation extends no farther than his own child.

In a recent letter to ex-President Eliot of Harvard, a New York attorney writes:

The Board of Education in a suburban community of New York City, in Westchester County, of which I am a member, has launched a campaign for new school buildings, new equipment and better teaching in the public schools to accommodate education through four years of High School. We have a very strong group of citizens in our community who favor the private schools — in fact twenty-five per cent of our school population is in private schools. Having the Western point of view in public education, I have

been amazed to see how strong the sentiment is against public education above the eighth grade and how the college men in our community who came through the private schools are so completely out of touch as to be almost entirely unconcerned with the equipment for public education. This in itself, to my mind, is a tremendous indictment against the private school if the tendency is to create an aristocratic point of view toward education.

"I used to think the American public school a good thing," said an eminent college president the other day, "until I had children of my own." There speaks a million American parents! Said another college president, "My children have never gone to a public school, and never shall go. The thing I hate about the public school —"

It is not necessary to detail here the things he hated about the public school; it is enough to see a college president taking this attitude in public, and acting true to his hates in the education of his children. And still another college president — but let me stage this saying: I was addressing the Harvard and Radcliffe Teachers' Associations. Mr. John Finley, then Commissioner of Education from New York, had sent a paper which closed with the suggestion, that we

must have a great American Plattsburg for the training of public school teachers. The toastmaster, before introducing me, said that Harvard had received some millions of dollars for a school of education, and that Harvard could become that Plattsburg. I began by saying that I did not think so, for Harvard did not believe in the public schools; that, so far as I could find out, only one professor on the Harvard Faculty had a child in the Cambridge public schools; and how could a Harvard faculty prepare an army of enthusiastic teachers for the public's children, while denying them the faculty's children?

Then this other college president arose, and, after calling me a "foreigner" and telling me that I was ignorant of democracy, proceeded to say that no father would send his son to the Boston Latin School to prepare for college if he could afford to send that son to a private school. He (this college president) had gone to that school as a boy, but at that time it was a good school, "because it was a homogeneous school" — homogeneity, and hence virtue, being constituted, it would seem, of Bradstreets, Wiggles-

worths, Mathers, Lodges, Cabots, Elliots (there was at least one Sharp in the Massachusetts Bay Colony!); now, he went on, it is a heterogeneous school — that is, made up of Sharps and foreign odds and ends from the Ahamovitzes to the Zweigenbaums, and so it is no longer a good school. Again, he said, if the private schools were closed, the only avenue for educational experiment and advance would be closed; all we are educationally being due to the private schools. And lastly, answering the points of my discussion in order,— he said that the equivalent of a high-school course (my minimum preparation for citizenship) for all the people was impossible. The only thing we can do is to educate the leaders and let the rest follow as best they can.

This does not sound like America, but Europe. It sounds ominous — yet terribly familiar. It may not be the dominant note in American talk to-day, but whether the problem is education, or business, or politics, or social life, it resolves itself finally into a caste question: of capital against labor; of white against black; of Anglo-Saxon against "foreigner"— of class in some

shape or color against the shapeless, colorless mass.

There is no denying the shapeless, colorless mass — though there are people who think it looks red. It is here. It is not yet the whole of America. It is not yet the major part — speaking racially. According to the census returns for 1910, those persons in the United States of English, Scotch, Welsh, Canadian (English), and Scotch-Irish stock numbered 49,800,000. "The Census of 1920 is likely to show stationary numbers, or even a decrease, for the principal elements of the foreign-born, and an increase for all the native elements. The total population in 1920 will be found to approximate 105,000,000, of which, it is estimated at the outset, the whites number about 94,000,000. Applying again the ten per cent increase to the distinctively native and allied elements, the latter group increases, in 1920, to 54,800,000."

Come, now, let us reason together. Surely in 54,800,000 of traditional Anglo-Saxon stock, out of our total of 105,000,000, the Lord of hosts hath left us something of a remnant. It does not look as if the Daughter of Columbia were left as

a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.

New York City is besieged. Out of every thousand persons in New York City, 786 are foreign. Yet New York is an American city. In the 193 "whites of native parentage" there seems to be leaven enough for the lump.

If now the only question in America were the foreign question, and the only problem in education the problem of Americanization, it would certainly seem that 54,800,000 natives with all their advantage of race and position should be able to make over an equal number of "foreigners," the most of whom are eager for the change.

And certainly the most natural process of doing this would be by social contact, natives and foreigners mingling, and where better than in the same school? — the foreigner changing by the experience, the native learning by the same experience, many necessary things of fact and spirit about his own duty as a citizen, in whose land every second person is literally a "foreign body," to be absorbed into the body politic.

III

THE foreigner is not the only question in America, nor Americanization our only problem. There are questions many, and problems many; but at bottom they are all a problem of education — are all the one old human question, Who is my neighbor? The fundamentals in a democracy are social. Seek first democracy in education — as in everything American. Education must first be social; the American child must go to school in his neighborhood, with his neighbors. It is better for democracy that he go to school with all the children in his little community than with all the books in the wide world; for the lessons he needs first are conduct lessons — lessons in what are the right feelings and faiths and manners of a democracy.

How can these things be taught? By but one method in a democracy — the simple, single method of leavening. There is nothing that may not help, except aloofness and segregation (the real ills of democracy); but when everything else is done, our social lump will still need to be

leavened — with Anglo-Saxon yeast, and with the yeast of democracy.

It is not leaders we need so much as leaveners, many pervasive spirits working in the spirit of the people. The leader runs ahead of his people; the leavener moves among them. The leader is part of the machinery of an aristocracy; that complex of many members, and many bodies, held together by imposed force. In a democracy we are many members yet one body, where the foot cannot say, "Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body." In a democracy the body is *tempered* together, that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. Who would be first of all in a democracy must be least of all and servant of all. Our social settler comes nearest our ideal *leader*, for he does not lead, he lives, he pervades (walks through), spreads and leavens. He works according to the biology of a democracy.

Autocracies have need of kaisers; of armies; of captains. It is different in a democracy. There is a better power even in an army. The last war was won by the second lieutenants, humble

human factors moving among the men. American democracy needs a million second lieutenants and precious few captains of anything. We have them in finance, and they lead us toward bankruptcy; in politics, and they lead us into Hayti, into Santo Domingo, into Four-Power pacts, into ship subsidies and tariffs, where the people never follow them, and would be ashamed to go. The leader too often goes it blind, and he thinks the people are blind. We need pervaders, those who stir us as Roosevelt did. He was the worst sort of a leader. Where did he lead us — except on that one doubtful journey across Panama? His own political party repudiated his leadership. He had no political objective, no constructive national plan. But he had a way of stirring up the people with his big stick. He was a tremendous mixer; and he leavened the whole lump of American life with zeal and zest and fervent living. Woodrow Wilson was a born leader. He had plans. But while he was up in the mountain with his plans, the people made them a golden calf and elected Aaron over them. You cannot lead the American people. How clearly Lincoln understood this! He was a true

mixer and a great democrat. His leavening power amounted to genius. He was surrounded at Washington with leaders: Seward, Chase, and even Gideon Welles would have snatched a banner and led — each to a different victory! Lincoln knew that slavery was wrong; that slavery must not be extended; that no State could secede from the Union without the consent of all the States; and that if the forts in the South fell, the forts must be retaken. This is *what* he knew, and besides this he knew the people; and his unparalleled place in the imagination of the people came of his holding to that creed and persuading his people to hold with him. *Abe* Lincoln! Little of commanding he knew! Little of the dash and glamour of the hero-leader about him! He was of, and for, and by the people. And the people were with him. He and his people were one. They loved and trusted him. He was the simplest, humanest, wisest mixer and American we have ever produced.

Whereunto shall I liken the democracy of America? It is like the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.

Where do you get this leaven? Is there any school in America for educating leaveners? Yes — the school Roosevelt attended, which was a private school, and the school Lincoln attended, which was no school at all! We cannot argue from such exceptions. These two instances negative each other. I withhold no admiration from Roosevelt. He lived tremendously. He has showed us what ends we are in ourselves. The world is livelier for his stay in it, not any wiser, perhaps, nor safer for democracy, for he was a supreme aristocrat and egoist. He knew the common people and he *used* them. His quiet old friend Burroughs made a greater bid for immortality and left behind a more durable fame. But that proves nothing for or against the private school. Mr. Roosevelt learned a few valuable things in that school, but we all know he learned a great many valuable things in the ranch school out West. Lincoln learned about all he knew in that same frontier school. The question I asked was: Is there a school that will teach every American citizen what the leaven of democracy is, and how you hide it in the meal? For leavening is a quiet unassuming process,

possible for almost everybody. Democracy may be as high as heaven, but it is as simple as sour-dough bread.

There is such a school. If there were not, the first thing for this Nation to do would be to create one. If it is true, as Galsworthy claims, that "Education is the most sacred concern, indeed the only hope of a nation"— true of England — how much truer of America! If the hope of England is not in her fleet, but in her schools, then the hope of France can hardly be in her army, but possibly in her schools, and this must be so with America. Armies and navies are not the hope of the Nation, but the curse of all nations. Yet this common knowledge is powerless to save us from war. Industry, commerce, and wealth are not the hope of the Nation. They both bless and curse the Nation under the prevailing social and economic conditions. This is common knowledge, but it, too, is powerless to save, for like the knowledge of war it has as yet had no part in our education. We must be educated, not merely informed; we must have a school where such subjects can be made the material, universal, and national study, inter-

preted and taught in the large spirit of democracy. We have such a school. The trouble is, we lack both the national course of study and the national spirit to put it through.

This is not all there is to education. But this is the chief part of *school* education. We know that nations do not live by bread alone — not by peace alone. Peace and prosperity will not sustain a people long. A nation, particularly ours, is a spirit and asks for truth and beauty and faith — for poet and prophet and philosopher — for every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. And not the words which have proceeded only, for we cannot survive on closed revelation, nor on a neighbor nation's poetry, nor on our collected books of wisdom. We are new and our problems are new. We need a present God, and present poets and philosophers of our own.

The whole of American education means nothing less than this: that we must educate 110,000,000 Americans for democracy and as many of them as possible for poetry and prophecy and philosophy.

IV

My child is first a national child. He belongs to the Nation even before he belongs to himself. His education is first national and after that personal. We parents can hardly see this. It is a particularly difficult point of view for the highly individualized, assertive Anglo-Saxon whose political weakness is his undeveloped sense of social solidarity. Every Northman was a Sea-king or a Vi-king — king of a creek or a bay. We look upon our child as having his only end in himself, and upon his education as a means to that end. But the whole history of American education proves that the public schools were founded for the defense of the Nation, and not for the benefit of the child. The Federal Government leaves the schools in the hands of the States, and every State has a chapter in its constitution plainly commanding the legislatures to provide the schools, seventeen of the States preambling their educational chapters wherein they justify the enormous cost of education *as a national necessity*, as the only safeguard for the rights and liberties of a free people.

There is nothing paternalistic or eleemosynary about the public school. It was not designed to dole out educational alms to the needy. Whether the child is rich or poor matters not; whether he wants this education or can use it later in business is not the question. The question is what the Nation needs and can use in its business; and the Nation needs an educated citizen, so peculiarly educated that he will safeguard the rights and liberties of this free people.

This is more peculiar than it appears. Other nations have school systems and national educational programmes, but except for Switzerland's, ours is radically different from them all. Our rights and liberties differ from those of other nations. Ours inhere in education, and rest for safety upon the school. This must needs be a peculiar school with this peculiar work to do.

You cannot put a child through an English school and produce a safe American mind; nor through a German school; nor through any other European school, nor through any special school: vocational, religious, or social, even though American, and produce the safe American mind. For each of these schools has some mark or ob-

ject less than an all-American object, and which is necessarily anti-American. The Nation cannot stand behind these special schools, nor sanction them, nor set its seal upon them. They are not shaped to teach democracy. The only school with this national character and sanction is the public school, and this alone can undertake the national task of making the true American mind.

But it cannot do this until we fully realize the national need: until we make the school a national school, the child a national child, and his education the chief concern, indeed the only hope of the Nation.

When we realize this, then we will overhaul and refit the public school and give it a national course of study, bottomed upon the English language and English literature, but built up of universal history, elemental science, geography and economics, studied and taught in the pure light of democracy.

A democracy must needs speak one tongue and speak it well. Give us all the same language, and all of us the same good grade of language, and you have leveled at once the greatest of social and political barriers. Good language is

more than a hall mark. There is no truer test of culture, no securer sense of social safety than in good language, but there is also no possession in common, no single touch of nature more certain to make a whole nation kin.

Every American child should *study* the English language, should be taught to reverence it, and helped to master it — both to write and to speak it with sweetness and power. When American boys and girls go to school to the English language in the faith and in the enthusiasm with which French boys and girls go to school to the French language (ours is the greater language and literature), then shall American education have made a mighty stride forward toward realizing its national character and mission.

And this is as true of the literature as of the language. We speak the English tongue. We brought it with us, and we brought what is still the grander part of English literature with us. We have Americanized the language. We have added a priceless portion to the literature, and this English-American language and literature is what we were, and are, and shall be — the only literature and language that will reveal us

to ourselves and interpret us to the world. Allowing due place to music and history, geography, science, and economics, we will rest our whole educational structure upon the English language and literature, using them "from the first as the most direct and lasting communication of experience by man to man."

No national heritage is more precious,— not even the glory that was Greece — than the literature handed down with our English language. "For English children no form of knowledge can take precedence of a knowledge of English, no form of literature can take precedence of English literature," and the "two are so inextricably connected as to form the only basis possible for national education." That is even truer of the American child and of a national American education — with our crying need of some common ground, some common course of study that shall interpret and unite us to each other.

"Much of our social discord, suspicion, and bitterness," says Professor Caroline F. E. Spurgeon of English social life, "of our industrial warfare and unrest is owing to this gulf between classes, between industry and culture, empha-

sized by the gulf between educated and uneducated speech; and nothing would do more to bridge this chasm than a common education, fundamentally English, resulting in a common pride and joy in the national language and literature."

I am not remotely attempting to outline a course of study; but by the end of the high-school course, in addition to some of the great books of English literature, I should like to see our American children reading among other American books Bradford's "History of Plimouth Plantation"; Woolman's "Journal"; Franklin's "Autobiography"; a life of Lincoln; Parkman's "Oregon Trail"; Thoreau's "Walden"; Whittier's poems; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"; and "The Americanization of Edward Bok"; for these books are as revealing as they are prophetic of America.

Whatever else our education does or does not do, it must unite us. It must nationalize us and after that internationalize us. Democracy is the only political and social principle broad enough to cover all of our peoples and all other peoples with us.

Yet democracy is not the doctrine of the

crowd. It is the doctrine of every self, single and supreme. Nothing of the individual is lost in democracy. He has rather a dual consciousness of self and of an over-self, of one and many. If denied a narrow egotism, he is compensated with a wider altruism. If saved from being ministered unto, he is given the greater joy of ministering. If virtue goes out of him in the common press, he knows that some one has been healed.

In spite of the contrary statement, I believe that I know what democracy means, and I believe I am democratic. Yet I have my house in the hills of Hingham, and a woodlot. I am. I intend to be. I will fully realize myself. If the State is the ideal end of my education, I am a very real end.

> "One's-Self I sing, a simple, separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse"

— without conflict. Thus democracy offers me a self and a society, a nation and a soul. The aristocratic doctrine of *noblesse oblige* is a doctrine of isolation and condescension. Democracy walks upright. It, too, is the doctrine of service — but of service for wages, the wages of a complete personal and social self.

CHAPTER II

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

I

THE average physical age of man is thirty-three; his average educational age is eighteen, or thereabouts. A few men go on to school after eighteen, but they learn nothing fundamental, for theories, methods, and facts are not fundamental: they belong to the useful, the professional. Here and there is a student perennially eighteen years old in mind, who unlearns a few important things in and after college; but most freshmen are what they are, and after three years in college they are seniors. They come to college with all their educational clothes on, asking the faculty if it will please help button them up. College gives a little better fit to the educational garment. We live on and learn, but the lessons from seventeen to seventy are only a review and an application of those we learned from six to sixteen.

In any national survey of education, therefore, the higher schools and colleges are neg-

ligible. Our education as a people is that of the secondary schools. In them, more than in any other American institution — more than in all other American institutions — are the issues of an enlightened national life; issues no longer national merely, for the war has made them vital to the life of the world. American democracy is a world-issue. And the world is asking: What is the source and the secret of democracy?

Certainly no democracy can be better than its educational system; for democracy, more than any other political programme, is a programme of education. The spirit of democracy is the fruit of education, and never an inheritance, unless an education can be inherited, devised by will, and blessed upon a child by laying-on of hands. You can come by the spirit of aristocracy that way, for the God-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men spirit is a negation and an assumption. One may even assume that he is a Kaiser and a vice-gerent of God. We cannot assume vice-gerencies and the like in America, so we stop modestly with whatever else there is to assume. We all alike inherit the Constitution; and it doth not appear at birth what we shall be,

a President in Washington, or a Washington correspondent, or both; for every child, although born a presidential candidate, cannot commit his nomination and election to the hands of the priest who christens him, as he can his social position; he must leave it all to the large, firm hands of the future.

How many American parents hate this divine hazard of democracy! "I will take no chance with my boy!" a mother said to me recently, who had come from New Jersey to Boston with her young son; as if the democratic hazards for her boy might be fewer in Boston; and as if money and birth and breeding brought to Boston might overcome the handicap of equality conferred by the Constitution upon her son. Why is she afraid? Because I have boys in Hingham? Mine are not the only boys in Hingham, as they have already found out, and as her boy will soon find out. Every boy in Hingham is a challenge to my boys; so is every boy in Boston, and in Baton Rouge, and in Bagdad. It is the girls in Hingham that I am afraid of.

Money and birth and breeding count in a democracy — for and against a man; education

and purpose, however, count a great deal more and altogether for a man. But count how? What is the true end of American education? "Is it life or a living?" It is neither life nor a living. We can live and get a living without an education, as we can marry and give in marriage. But we cannot make the United States a democracy without education. The true end of American education is the knowledge and practice of democracy — whatever other personal ends an education may serve. Education has turned a corner since we went to school, and finds itself face to face with a bigger thing than life or the getting of a living. It is face to face with a big enough thing to die for in France, a big enough thing to go to school for in America — going to school, on the whole, being more difficult than dying. Life and the getting of a living may have been the proper ends of our private education heretofore; such ends are no longer legitimate. Neither life nor the getting of a living, but *living together* — this must be the single *public* end of a common public education hereafter.

This new and larger end demands a new and

larger thought of education. The day of the little red schoolhouse, and all other little things in American education, must pass. The large schoolhouse must come. Our present school concepts are as inadequate as are our present school appropriations and programmes. We must reconceive the nation's educational needs; we must do it as vigorously, as generously, and as universally as we lately conceived her military needs; and we must create an educational machinery as effective as the military machinery to meet the needs.

But what a machinery is the little red schoolhouse, and the little six-hundred-dollar schoolteacher, and the little thirty-cent interest of the average citizen in his public school! Can the world be right in thinking the intelligence and spirit of America a product of American schools? Our neighbors have long watched this democracy, and at last, having seen its temper tried by the world war, they have come to study into the secret of its magnificent war behavior — as if it were an educational secret, and might be found in our public schools. They were right, but they have been terribly shocked, and shaken in their faith.

II

WHAT does the world expect to find in educated America? Surely nothing less than the whole Nation in school — for we are a literate people; and nothing less than the whole Nation in school together, one common school — for we are without caste as a people; and nothing less than the whole Nation together in a common school until it gets the conception of democracy, the abstract spiritual meaning of democracy — for democracy is a spirit, and they who know the truth of democracy know it in spirit.

What our neighbor nations actually find is a democracy divided educationally against itself; wrong in its aim; weak in its purpose; feeble in its support; faltering in its faith; and not only divided, but hostile, in its educational plans. It is bad enough that eighteen per cent of our children do not attend school at all; it is not so bad for democracy, however, as that our other eighty-two per cent should be divided in their education by private, parochial, industrial, and the regular public schools, until we can be said to have no common educational programme, no

common educational purpose, no common educational ideal — *no common school.* Yet what else but a common school can be the head of the corner of democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith, and enthusiasm for democracy. Americanization is not this new educational ideal. The world is not to be Americanized. A few millions of foreigners in America need to be Americanized; but all the millions of Americans in America need to be democratized. Nothing less than the democratization of America dare be our educational aim. And what an uphill task!

I have not worked out the new course of study. This chapter is a plea, not a programme. One thing I know: we must have a common school for all the people; and all the people must attend a common school until every American child has a high-school education and has caught a true glimpse of democracy. It is not a dream; it is not impossible — unless democracy is a dream and impossible.

The present standard of American education

is a fourth-grade standard — and less! The educational statistician at Washington says, "it is found that 6.36 per cent of the children in the elementary schools are in the eighth grade." This is not making America safe for democracy. On through the fourth grade to the end of the eighth grade, on from the eighth grade to the end of the high school, we must push the education of the whole people before we can trust the people with democracy.

There will still be great need of special schools — for the subnormal: private schools for the feeble-minded; vocational schools for the slow and the stubborn; but for the normal, one common school only, for rich and poor, up to the end of the high school; by which time we are pretty nearly all that we need to be for purposes of democracy.

Is this a new educational language? It is no newer than the new demands, no more foolish than genuine democracy. The old order has changed, and has given place to so large an educational need that we have neither the mind nor the machinery for it. Take the country clear across, and our educational mind and machinery

are little better than a reproach. And our machinery for education is better than our mind for it. We have better buildings, better teachers, better salaries — even better salaries — than public sympathy and support. Poorer than the poorest piece of kit in all our educational outfit is the individual American's support of his public school especially here in the East.

In this new and larger education there will be great elasticity, providing for the special case, the educational machine having a transmission with plenty of speeds ahead, and even a reverse gear for those who are backward. But a larger, simpler, speedier education is to be provided, that shall reduce the number of school years, and thus lessen the number of special cases; that shall reduce the number of narrow school courses — commercial, general business, college, and vocational — to one common course, one broad, universal course, thus educating for democracy first, and after that for life and a living — and even for entrance into college. Entrance into college! O Lord, how long shall American public-school education suffer this incubus of the college?

A course of study that fits a student for citizenship should fit him for college, the college course leading only to a larger realization of citizenship, a deeper spiritual, a broader intellectual preparation for its privileges and duties. College-going students and other students in high school do not differ in kind or in need, and up to the college doors should have no different training; the true test for college being a moral-spiritual-intellectual test, and no such futile thing as a different course of study. Let all be called to college, and as many as possible be chosen — the eager in spirit, the morally strong, the intellectually capable.

Give me the fit rather than the fitted. We must do away with our present false "requirements," that can be "crammed" for, that "prep" schools can fit the totally unfit for, as if getting into college were a more than normal feat, a peculiar, highly specialized, calculating process that one must be fed-up for, trained down for, as a runner is trained for the hundred-yard dash, rubbed down, and coached to the very tape. To-day in the Boston "Herald" appeared this strange piece of educational news:

HOTCHKISS SCHOOL WINS Φ.B.K. TROPHY

CONNECTICUT INSTITUTION BOYS PASS BEST HARVARD ENTRANCE EXAMS

The interscholastic scholarship trophy, annually awarded by the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa to the school whose candidates make the best record at the admission examination, has been won for the year 1919 by the Hotchkiss school at Lakeville, Ct., at which the Rev. H. G. Buehler is headmaster.

Heretofore, the trophy has been awarded to the school having the greatest number of candidates on the honor list, but, in accordance with the vote of the chapter taken last year, the award has now been made to the school whose candidates attained the highest average grade, this grade being calculated on the total records of all final candidates from the school competing as a group with all final candidates from other schools.

This is the school of whose teachers Clyde L. Davis, in the "Atlantic" for November, 1919, writes:

The masters were simply drill sergeants. "You'd better remember that word, boys: you'll need it in June," was the oft-repeated remark of the indefatigable old German instructor; and it defined the pedagogical horizon of the whole staff. Their jobs depended on making their classes pass the college entrance examinations at the end of the year; and

their everlasting, driving, barren, humdrum tutoring on the rudiments of languages and mathematics was anything but inspiring.

That is the prize-taking "preparation" for college! Phi Beta Kappa and the college faculties encourage this as ideal! And here is a description of these ideally "prepared," prize-taking students of this very school, by Mr. Davis who, as a scholarship man, was himself "prepared" among them:

> The ignorance of these boys amazed me. They knew nothing of United States history, and not enough geography to locate my native State with exactitude. They had traveled abroad, but having taken nothing with them, they had brought nothing back. They wrote illegible scrawls. Standard literature was positively a sealed book to them; but, on the other hand, they had been tutored toward college entrance examinations from childhood. The rudiments of Latin and algebra had been drummed into them, and not a few spoke French. For me, a mature farm-product, to compete with these fellows in learning languages was an impossible task. Therefore my final humiliation was to see myself easily beaten in the classroom.

These are the prize-takers at the beginning of their college course! This is the great work of

the private "prep" school. This is education according to the colleges, and imposed by them upon the public schools!

O Lord, I say, how long will the sensible supporting public tolerate this burden that the Pharisees lay upon the back of the public school? Right here must begin the reform in our public-school education, the public, not the colleges, determining what the programme shall be, and doing away utterly with this cramming, coaching preparatory course, wherever that course fails to meet the general need.

Any special programme of training, vocational, business, or college, before the end of the high school, if not contrary to the Decalogue, is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, and a menace to democracy.

As I would do away with the college preparatory or "professional course," so I would do away with the vocational course, before the end of the high-school programme. The vocational ideal is German, no matter how we try to clothe it. Such special training was in Germany, and is here, a deliberate attempt to industrialize education, to make it economically efficient, to

create a working class or professional class. So-called vocational education before the end of a general high-school course is education backward, the training of a man into a machine, a soul into a pair of hands. It is education for autocracy — the German system, which, in its "People's Schools," carried ninety per cent of German children up to our eighth grade, then *blocked* all further education, except in trade and continuation schools. These are the "masses," and not an average of one in ten thousand got through these "Peoples' Schools" into the gymnasium, or high school, with the other ten per cent — the children of the "classes."

Masses and classes until recently in American education have been one, the school doors opening alike to all; but now, under the guise of "education for a living," or in some other robe of light, the devil of vocational training goes up and down the land, installing machinery in the high-school basements, to steal away the quiet of the study room; and, holding out "Big Money" in one hand, and a desiccated textbook in the other, says to the restless high-school boys, "Choose!"

American education is going vocationally mad, going bad; for behind this mischievous propaganda is a purpose and a philosophy not had of democracy. Let me quote a passage from a textbook by a native American high-school teacher:

> In our country, where every youth in his first year in school learns that he may be president some day; where parents permit their children to look down upon their modest callings; where the higher professions are overcrowded, manual labor despised, the farms deserted, we often find in the serving class a weak, discontented class of people. In sharp contrast to them were the people who served us in Germany. They knew what they had to do and did it, without feeling that it injured their dignity.

They, the servant class of Germany, had been *educated* to servitude, he means; whereas, in this country, as he goes on to say, "A 'bum' wanted a dollar for carrying three small hand-bags for us to the station"; all because of this idiotic American teaching about some day being president!

That "bum" had had no presidential teaching. He might have had the "business course" in school, perhaps; for, instead of a promise of

the presidency, our schools nowadays hold out the necessity of making money, making it quick, and a lot of it. "Double your salary" is our educational slogan — salary, not wages. The next revision of the Bible will doubtless read: "The *salary* of sin is death." The word, with all its pretensions, has no place in our democratic dictionary. Vocational training can never result here in either the servitude or the servility of Germany. The American mind reacts in an American way — turns hostile, instead of servile; mobilizes into camps, instead of castes; and goes forth to fight, chanting the Declaration of Independence. European education, as James Bryce says, has taught men either to look up or to look down. In America we look at each other on the level, square in the eye; and it is the business of our education to make that look friendly with perfect understanding.

As a matter of fact, however, we are not educating enough workers, laborers, I mean, who work with their hands; nor shall we till we educate everybody to work with his hands, to produce something, something elemental, essential for human existence. Who does not do some

creative work with brain or hands lives a mendicant, dies a pauper, and lies buried in the potter's field, no matter what mausoleum marks his tomb. We should be educated to the biology, the philosophy — the democracy — of labor, and should actually be taught a trade, all of us; and every manager and professional man might well return once in seven years for a sabbatical year at that trade. But such training is not the business of the public schools.

I count myself a laboring man. I believe in labor and laborers. There must be a laboring *class*, educated as a class, and we must all belong. I have always worked with my hands, and the best I could with my head, too. A college class is not a garden of cabbages; not exactly. Work? God works. We all work, or ought to. Christ has his kit of tools. It is not work that divides masses from classes, and sets worker against employer, nor is it money; it is lack of understanding.

"Capital and Labor must get together," is the slow and still half-sincere cry of Capital. That belief was not in Capital's education, nor in Labor's either; and both are asking, "How?

How can a man be born when he is old? How can Capital and Labor, which are now separated, get together?" But they must! Then they must begin together, and stay together, not as Capital and Labor, but as schoolboys and men.

Not long since, at a notable meeting of capitalists in Atlantic City, Labor was earnestly urged to get together with Capital — but not at Atlantic City. No labor leader was invited to get together with the capitalists there! And more recently, at a still more notable gathering in Washington, they were brought together — but not in sympathy and understanding — and they soon separated, more hostile, and farther from each other, than they were before.

The separation is educational: it began in school; and, wide as it now is, it shall go even wider with the spread of vocational and class education. Education and shoe-making are not the same thing. Said the treasurer of the Stetson Shoe Company to me: "We don't want boys taught to make shoes in school. We can teach them better here at the factory. We want them educated by the schools. We need intelligent men, adaptable men, interested men, who see

that their welfare and our welfare are one welfare." A few hours in a shoe-shop (sixteen hours in even a printing-shop!) will give the green hand skill enough for wages, doing for him all that the years of distracting vocational work in school would do, and do but poorly. Ask the manufacturer if it is good business to spend years for hours, especially those precious school years so greatly needed for intelligence, adaptability, and that community of interests which sees in welfare, "All for each, and each for all."

A democracy is a whole people educated up to the standard desired by the Stetson Shoe Company. It is a whole people getting together; and the closer together, the better for the democracy. The purpose of our public-school system is to start the whole people together, and keep the whole people together for all their young years, until by calling and election their ways must part; a parting not to be allowed before the end of the high-school course, in order to forestall the unequal ideals of the future, the suspicions, jealousies, and savage interests that education can *prevent*, but for which there is no cure.

Such education is not skill. It is understanding. Let vocational *guidance* become a part of every high-school curriculum; but set up no machine, no "iron man," in the cellar. Let no vocational work steal from the book work; let no trade, industrial, business, no normal or technical, school, divide the time with the high school. They must follow the high school.

The children of the grades should have sloyd and cooking and sewing, to give a necessary variety to their study — something different, something for their eager hands — just as they should have play. These occupations tremendously add to the vocabulary, the general understanding and sympathy, as well as to a better-working brain; for accurate hands in original work demand an accurate brain. But there should be no vocational or trade caste to this, if the child is normal; and it should end with the eighth grade, the next four years, except for the deficient, being devoted to books.

Technical and normal schools are increasingly necessary; whereas trade schools — schools to teach moulding, shipbuilding, coal-mining, trawling, and tombstone-cutting — are sheer non-

sense. What better trade-school than the shop? What *other* possible trade school in the light of all the trades? According to the Census of Manufactures (1914), Massachusetts has three hundred and ninety-three different manufacturing trades. The city of Worcester has one hundred and forty-eight different manufacturing trades, and teaches, in its expensive and elaborate trade schools, something like *three* of these! Is the State to set up three hundred and ninety-three different trade schools? Where are they to be set up? And how are the State's children to attend them? The whole effort is absurd, and the educational theory behind the effort still more absurd. The trade school can have small part and lot in our public educational scheme. The technical school, on the other hand, is a college and should be of college grade. A high school of commerce makes commerce the business of babes. Why not also a high school of medicine, of theology, of law? Is commerce less exacting than these other callings? and are merchants so much poorer mentally than other men, that an eighth-grade education gives them intellectual room and verge enough?

We can build nothing for democracy on a fourth-grade foundation; it is of sand. In exalting democracy, the war has magnified and mightily multiplied citizenship over the face of the world, and revealed, not only how inadequate, but how dangerous, a thing for citizenship a little learning is. Yet here is the average fourth-grade man inheriting the citizenship of the earth. The world and they that dwell therein have, of a sudden, become democratic — become the average man's with his fourth-grade education! What will he do with his world — in Russia? in America? Responsibility has not kept pace with liberty; education with ideality. Politically, socially, we have suffered a series of "double promotions," lifted from the first grades, and set down to problems, grades, and grades ahead.

What else means the difficulty, the unrest, the suspicion, the antagonism everywhere, the revolt of the workers; the arming of the employees, the little wars in every industry, so rapidly settling into the lines of one vast industrial war, except that we do not know how to solve our social and political problems? The worker,

taken as he runs, is as intelligent as his employer; neither is uneducated, but both are inadequately or wrongly educated, with gaps and twists in their education that can be made good only in a common school.

There is but one thing to do — give us more education, which, in the United States, means an education to the end of the high school for every citizen, even though compelled by law; an undivided general course, broadly human, broadly democratic — and after that the shop, the technical school, and the college.

III

As I would do away with the "college preparatory" or professional course, and the vocational or "mass course," so I would do away with the special private school or "class course" in American education. More education and a more democratic education is our great national need. Governments are not safe in the hands of any single class — a democracy, of all governments, the least safe. Heretofore the issues dividing us nationally have been sectional, economic, commercial, fiscal, the political cleavage never fol-

lowing social or "class" lines. It is different to-day. The ugly word "class" now thrusts up its long, low bulk like a reef dead ahead. We must go about!

Education is a class-leveler. Though not by any means a cure for the inequalities of life, education comes nearer than any other thing to being the lowest common denominator of the "vulgar fractions" of society that we call classes. American education, however, is growing ever more divided. Instead of leveling class distinctions, our schools are erecting them — the vocational school its class wall, the private school its class wall, shutting in between them the common public school — after the order of the Old World, with all its Old-World antagonisms.

A private school in a democratic system of education is a sort of dress-circle seat in heaven, un-American and anti-American, and no substitute at all for the common public school. All true forces of democracy are centripetal, getting-together forces; for, as Chesterton puts it, "All real democracy is an attempt (like that of a jolly hostess) to bring the shy people out." Out where? Out where the self-confident people are.

But what private school that I know is jolly hostess to the shy and timid?

I prepared for college at the South Jersey Institute, a private school, at a time, though, when there was no common high school in my town. A private school, I say, but not of the "select" variety, or I should not have been admitted. A lad of thirteen, I rode through the beautiful school-grounds on horseback, as direct from the farm as a can of morning milk. I had come on the gallop, bareheaded, barefooted — to my sudden confusion, when I found those shoeless feet tagging me into a book-walled study before a great, kind man, who stood looking me over quizzically, not critically; for he was not selecting me, I was selecting him, and it pleased and puzzled him.

For nearly five years I went to the Institute, which, with the coming of the town high school, had no excuse for being, and shortly ceased to be. In that same city were three other excellent academies, which died like the Institute and rose again — in the common high school, transforming the spirit, and the very body, of Bridgeton with a new and a better beauty.

It has not happened so in some other places. In the town where I now live the old Academy is still doing business. The public high school in this town was opened in 1872. The Academy, founded in 1784, did well, and in a public way, for almost a hundred years, what the high school is now doing. Yet the Academy lives on, a select private school now, a sort of educational wedge, splitting the school-children into two groups, and dividing the town's school interest and support.

The town's public schools need undivided interest and support. They are as good schools as they can be under the circumstances — though evidently they lack something which the Academy has, and which possibly they might have if the Academy were closed. The town's public schools are not so good as they ought to be. And I have four sons to educate. These four "are all I have, and nothing but the best is good enough for them."

I had hardly settled in Hingham before the groceryman, bringing kerosene and coffee, remarked as grocerymen sometimes do in Hingham, "Of course, you'll send your boys down to

the Academy; they are nice and clean down there."

And a little later, the town's first citizen calmed my troubled school-spirit by concluding, "Then, if you don't like the public schools, do as the rest of us do: send your children down to Derby Academy."

This is how "the rest of us" improve the public schools in Hingham; and in Weymouth next to Hingham; and in Braintree next to Weymouth; and in Quincy next to Braintree; and in Milton next to Quincy — and in Boston.

The town of Milton has just built a magnificent high school. I pass it on my way to Boston, and I say, "Truly the Commonwealth believes in education." And then I remember that hardly a child of aristocratic Milton attends that public school. And as for Milton's public-school teachers, the foxes of Milton have holes, the birds of Milton a sanctuary for their nests, but the public-school teachers of Milton have not within the town where to lay their heads.

A public-school teacher, in Milton, which he defined as a "last refuge of feudalism," said to me: "There was William in the high school,

whose father had been for thirty years a coachman for one of the most exclusive baronesses of the place. She directed the father to take William out of school to work on the estate. 'Education is not for such persons,' she declared. 'He should be taught a trade and made valuable to the estate.'

"The boy was an honor pupil and slated for Harvard by his teachers. The Great Lady had a boy too, just William's age, who was with the greatest difficulty sticking to the private-school rolls — only by grace of the head-master and tuition fees. William's father, with good horse sense (being a coachman), sacrificed his job rather than the boy's education.

"There was aiso a well-known Boston banker who said to me: 'I would send my boys to your high school if I had the courage to do so, but the social connections are too valuable to sacrifice.'

"During the war many great men were imported by influential citizens of the town, to arouse enthusiasm for the war. They visited the private school — not Democracy's high school."

Still, Milton believes in public schools — for the public. Milton, itself, however, is private.

So is Hingham. We Hingham folk know that the American public-school system is the best in the world, and good enough — except for "my children." Now, "*my* children!" Well, "my children" really are extraordinary — four *perfect* specimens *of the average boy!* They look it, they act it — they actually seem to know it. I helped them, to be sure, but not so much as certain scions of auld Irish royalty down at the public school. They had help, too, from a bunch of stout descendants of the Vikings; and peculiar help, in outgrowing their Little Lord Fauntleroyity, from one who came to Hingham High School straight down the Appian Way. For all the roads that used to lead to Rome now run to Hingham, and terminate in her public schools. Here gather most of Hingham's future citizens, quite un-Americanized — young Cangiano, Bjorklund, Weijane, Wainakainen, and with them four young Sharps, Americanized by birth, but not yet democratized. If these four Sharps can do some Americanizing — and the public school is the best, and almost the only, place to do it in — they can get in turn some wholesome democratizing to balance the account.

Do not the public schools need my four boys?

They have been taught at home the "Whole Duty of Children"— to say what is true, to speak when spoken to —

> And behave mannerly at table:
> At least as far as *they* are able.

They have been taught a deal of other things besides. I doubt if many American children have had the persistent, faithful, varied training at home that these boys have had. Not all their teachers together will have put in a tithe of the time and labor upon their education that their mother has spent. Before they started to school it began, and day by day, year after year, it has gone on ever since — in poetry, history, nature, science, politics, and religion — constant, inexorable, fresh, mentally stimulating, stirring to the spirit, and morally chastening to a degree quite unheard-of in these days.

If ever children were prepared to give something, as well as get something, out of their school, these children were. And where would the little they have to give count for so much as here? And where else, in turn, could they receive so much? Certainly in a school of only

their own social kind they could give little; and what from their own kind could they receive? Even from a selfish point of view I must do as I am doing. And this is the point of view of most parents: with no thought for what their children can *give*, but only of what their children are to get out of school — out of everything! They are neither taught, nor allowed, to give themselves — the gift supreme, without which there is no true giving.

The Law of Heaven, and of our approach to Heaven, which we call Democracy, demands that we love one another. Love waits on understanding; understanding on personal acquaintance; and such acquaintance waits nowhere else so naturally, so unreservedly, so honestly, so generously, as at the wide-open door of the common school. Greater love (speaking democratically) hath no man than this: that a man, rich and cultured, send his son and his *little daughter* to his neighborhood public school; and if he is afraid of the school, that he and his wife go with their children and camp in that school, and get other fathers and mothers to camp with them, until they have made that school safe and fit for

their children. For verily, verily, I say unto them, a school in their neighborhood that is not fit and safe for their children, is unfit and unsafe for all children, and is a menace to the neighborhood.

The schools of Hingham do need my boys as much as my boys need the schools. I must not think only of what my children get, any more than I must think only of what I am getting. Democracy demands that we all give largely of the precious stuff that makes for liberty, equality, fraternity. Silver and gold have I little, but I have four wholesome, intelligent, clean-minded boys. I will give them. Besides my own eternal debt to this dear land, I happen to owe my country four good citizens, owe them to her now, and I will pay what I owe, and pay it now — into the great savings-bank of democracy, the common public school. What else can I do and be an American?

I say the Hingham schools do need my boys. Shall the newcomers from overseas find only Shoelenburgs, Chiofolos, Kozlofiskis, Salomaas, and twenty other nationalities in high school, with never a Sharp or a Smith among them?

Are these foreigners to be the only ones hereafter to receive a democratic education? the only ones to follow the traditions? the only ones to support the institutions and live by the principles of our fathers? This is what they have been doing even unto death.

Here are the names of the New England boys, dead on the fields of France, as published in the Boston "Herald"— January 13, 1919, the day I was writing this:

NEW ENGLAND BOYS ON CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action

Buxton, Corp. Vernon C., Burlington, Vt.
Karzomaroyk, Corp. Marion, Ansonia, Ct.
Shanse, Corp. Joseph J., Torrington, Ct.
Lefrançois, Priv. Rowell J., Turlant, Vt.
Medeiros, Priv. John P., New Bedford.
Mikenezonis, Priv. Stanley, Bridgeport, Ct.
Moschelio, Priv. Salvatore, 44 Dunstable Street, Charlestown.
Murad, Priv. John S., Portland, Me.

Not many Sharps and Smiths among these eight. Dear, gallant souls! how well they learned and lived their democracy!

My own four were too young to go, but they would have gone — to fight, to die, had the war

lasted longer. *If my four boys could fight for democracy in France, they can go to school for democracy in the United States!* Good average boys my four are, just the kind to grow into democratic citizens, and to go to school with those little foreign Americans, like Karzomaroyk, Lefrançois, and Mikenezonis — killed in action in January!

And my boys are just the sort to help make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be. Hingham's public schools are far from what they ought to be, because four Sharps and a Smith or two are not enough. *All* the boys and girls of Hingham are necessary to make Hingham's public schools what they ought to be — and to make this democracy what it ought to be; or even to keep it what it has been.

But instead of all going to Hingham's public schools, Hingham's few boys are scattered between the public schools and Derby Academy, Thayer Academy, Milton Academy, Dummer Academy, Andover Academy — boys who ought to be with my boys in Hingham's common school; boys whom my boys will never know, not even when they meet later in Hingham's

town meeting. Yet Hingham is not so bad as its neighbor town of Hanover.

Hingham and Hanover are symptomatic of New England, as New England is symptomatic of the Eastern States generally. In the way of schools the State of New York is perhaps the least democratic community in the country, having practically no *common* school. The rich, and even the well-to-do, of New York patronize only the private school. If we go farther South, we shall find another segregation — of white and black children in the schools, both being educated for life and a living, but neither for living together, for democracy. And yet the South's treatment of the negro is more consistent, and, on the whole, more democratic, than New England's. Boston gives the negro the best of educations and the meanest of chances to live.

There are tremendous difficulties — most of them white difficulties — in this black question. I was brought up in southern New Jersey with the negro; I have lived and worked in Georgia with him; I have studied him in Boston, at one time knowing personally almost every colored man in the city, and I know that he is not an

undesirable citizen, that we need him and we should make him feel it, by giving him what he asks — simple justice: the education, the chance to work, to vote, to live, to be a man, that we demand for ourselves. Racially there should be no mingling — for racial interests; and in the South, where for generations yet they will live in segregated districts, they should have their own churches and their own neighborhood schools, but schools with the same course of study as the white schools; a course of study in both schools that shall make for mutual understanding, for mutual respect and tolerance, and for all that liberty and the pursuit of happiness can mean in America, north or south of the Mason and Dixon line.

It is neither north nor south, but west of this line, that we shall come nearest to finding what American public-school education means. It is in the Middle West that we shall come closest to our quest. The best public schools in the United States are the schools of the Middle West. The people of the West believe in their schools, they spend without stint for them, and, to a degree most shocking to the exclusive East and

South, they attend them. Their faith in public-school education was incorporated in the Act of 1787, setting aside the Northwest Territory; wherein was a provision forever prohibiting slavery in all that territory and forever encouraging education. There are private schools in the West — in Chicago; and there are sure to be more as wealth increases and social privileges multiply; but the present generation of the West got its education in the public schools; and it is the system of education in the West, and the spirit of education in the West, that should prevail East and West, North and South the Nation over.

IV

Under the Constitution, North and South, East and West share alike certain great obligations which, taken together, are democracy, the preparation for which can begin only in a common education. However different the social conditions into which we are born; however far diverging, through inheritance and personal effort, our individual paths, there is a common national inheritance into which we are

all born, a body of common knowledge which we must all learn, a code of common principles which we must all follow, a load of common tasks which we must all shoulder, and a faith of common ideals to which we must all subscribe. These things in common demand a common experience and a common training, both of which are impossible once childhood has passed. A pure democracy does not exist, not yet, anyway; and if such an ideal state, by the nature of things, cannot exist, its bed-rock exists, broadly, firmly laid in the heart of youth and in our American public schools.

There is no other school American enough for my children. There are good private schools; there are poor public schools; but the one indispensable lesson for my child to learn is the lesson of American democracy — "that each one's duty," as James Bryce puts it for us, "is not only to accept equality, but also to relish equality and to make himself pleasant to his equals." The best private school that fails to teach this lesson is a poorer school for America than the poorest public school that does teach it. It is not impossible for a private school to teach

democracy; not impossible for it to be a democracy — or for a rich man to go to heaven.

What democracy is, and what it is to be democratic — these are the first things to learn in school; besides them are other great things: to know the world of books, and be a citizen there; the world of nature, and be a citizen there; the world of art, and be a citizen there; the world of science, and be a citizen there; the world of religion, and be a citizen there. The world of men, however, laboring men, professional men, business men, Northern, Southern, Western men, Hingham men: to know these men, yourself as one of them, that they are America, is to be pretty safely educated for democracy — an education provided against by the very nature of the private school.

Says John Galsworthy:

> In my day at a public school [a "public" school in England is a private school here] . . . the universe was divided into ourselves and "outsiders," "bounders," "chaws," "cads," or whatever more or less offensive name seemed best to us to characterize those less fortunate than ourselves. . . . The workingman did not exist for us, except as a person outside, remote and almost inimical. From our homes,

touched already by this class feeling . . . we went to private schools where the teaching of manners, mainly under clerical supervision, effectually barred us from any contaminating influence, so that if by chance we encountered the "lower-class" boy we burned to go for him and correct his "cheek." Thence we passed into the great "Caste" factory, a public [our private] school where the feeling becomes, by the mere process of being left to itself, as set as iron. . . . All learned to consider themselves the elect. . . . In result, failing definite, sustained effort to break up a narrow "caste" feeling, the public [private] school presents a practically solid phalanx of the fortunate, insulated against real knowledge of, or real sympathy with, the less fortunate. The phalanx marches out into the professions, into business, into the universities, where, it is true, some awaken to a sense of wider values — but none too many. From the point of view of anyone who tries to see things as they are, and see them as a whole, there is something terrific about this automatic "caste" moulding of the young. And in the present condition of our country it is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink it.

It is folly, and dangerous folly, to blink such a system of education anywhere. It is worse than folly to tolerate it in America.

If there is a compensation, or an equivalent, for democracy, have the American private schools a patent on it? What can the private

school do, because it is private, that the public school cannot do? Surely nothing which money can buy, for the public has the money. And it must spend it, until it puts every private school out of business. As for scholarship and deportment, the private school can hardly maintain the average standard of the public school, for private schools are notoriously sensitive to student fees. Did I say "standards"? Standardization is exactly what the private school avoids. Superior individual training is its strong claim; a claim which might have some force were schools not machines, and were this not a democracy where no man but the handicapped needs an attendant.

Democracy or no, a vast number of ambitious Americans, with and without money, distrust the common schools, because they are common, systematized, standardized — as if they were therefore without chance for experiment, or for individual initiative, bent, or "manifest destiny." President Lowell of Harvard is afraid of the mediocrity of the public schools. I should like to call to his attention the picture of the prize-winning students of a

famous "prep" school, quoted earlier in this book, and also beg him to study the statistics compiled by the Department of Education at Harvard, which "show that a higher degree of scholarship is reached by graduates of high schools at that college than by preparatory school boys," and that, "this fact is present in every department of the college."

Public or private, a school is only a school, a machine; and the better school it is, the better machine it is, and the more machine-like is its product. The education for individuality can be had in no *school:* such education must come primarily from other sources — from the home first of all, from books and friends and nature; but, take it by and large, the individual, even as an individual, stands the best chance where he stands most nearly upon his own feet, with no helps but self-helps, and where he counts for what he is, not for what his parents are, or what they lay upon him.

"The fallacy underlying" my suggestion that we all attend a common school, writes the headmaster of the Canterbury School (private, New Milford, Connecticut), is "that this method

would be preoccupied with establishing a merely external uniformity; for it would be vain to hope that you could make all Young America remain at the same level of thought and emotion in regard, not to their country alone, but to the world in which they live."

It certainly would be vain and as undesirable as vain. Who could dream of such a level, knowing the variety of human nature even among the children of the same parents!

"Many of us," he goes on, "believe that there is no contradiction between the acquisition of culture and the preservation of true democracy"; as if culture were exclusively a thing of the private school! And as if most Americans did believe that true democracy calls for movies, garlic, and bad manners! This will do to tell to the marines, and to publish in the columns of the New York "Tribune" (where it appeared as a letter of protest); but tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice!

The complacency of this esteem is eclipsed only by the foolishness and the deep danger at the bottom of the shallow argument: "It takes

all kinds of men to make up the world. Perhaps we are not wrong in concluding, in view of the past history of our country, that it takes all kinds of education to develop true democracy."

Who says it takes all kinds of men to make up the world, and all kinds of education to develop a true democracy? It takes only democratic education to develop true democracy. Nor does it take all kinds of education to destroy true democracy: private school, trade school — class education is enough to destroy democracy — as it is threatening to do.

Democracy is a difficult thing to develop, to live up to or down to. Says the London "Weekly Times" of October 31, 1919:

> There are thorns in the path of consistent democracy and a few of them have penetrated the feet of a Cabinet Minister. Dr. Addison saw no reason why his daughters should not be educated at the Middlesex County Secondary School for Girls. He considered it a good school. It was convenient to his home. "He has as much right"— the words are his own — "as any other citizen to send his children to a public secondary school." Yet members of the local Education Committee complain, their view being that people who can afford more expensive schools

should not take advantage of cheap ones, which ought to be left for "ordinary people." Dr. Addison has thought fit to issue a defensive statement, and ordinary people are smiling — but more at the Education Committee than at Dr. Addison. Nevertheless, this absurd case has numerous precedents and corollaries, arising from our British exaggeration of class divisions. A rich man, for instance, is not respected for riding on a tramway car, though for some recondite illogical reason his presence in an omnibus is condoned. When Dr. Addison has learnt that the democracy likes a Cabinet Minister earning £5000 a year to "keep his place," he will refrain from educating his children so well. His sole care will be to educate them expensively.

Let the private school act as an asylum for the over-sensitive, the timid, the backward and stubborn, a function already recognized in some quarters as peculiarly its own. One of my friends, entering her son at a New Hampshire public school, was asked by the superintendent:

"Where has he been to school?"

"In a private school near Boston."

"Then we can't take him," was the astonishing reply. "We have no private school in this district, no provision of any kind for the abnormal."

The other day I stood looking across the street into the windows of a private school, windows literally darkened by the shadow of a great public-school building. This private school had been an old dwelling-house, one of a solid block of houses that it had appropriated much as a hermit crab appropriates an abandoned mollusk's shell, the school accommodating itself to the house, not the house to the school. A single window to a floor let in the shadows of the street. The select children were in the study room; and as I looked, I chanced to see one of them seize what appeared to be her geography, and bring it down with a vicious smash upon the dear devoted head of her select sister. It was only the exceptional act, of course, which proves the abiding rule of good manners in private schools; but I could only think how human and hopeful private-school children are, and how like public-school children, really; and what a pity to mew up these few select girls in this dark, inadequate, abandoned house of gentry, when they might have spent the afternoon across the street with a thousand little unselected brothers and sisters, in the spacious halls of the great

public school — as I was spending my afternoon, it being the day before Christmas — marching down the long ringing corridors to the tune of "Over There," for an hour of Christmas singing and story-telling in the sunny assembly-room; and marching back singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," every right hand at salute as the thousand little singers passed out between the Colors flanking the assembly-room door.

Money can get culture for the public schools; there is no patent on culture. All the factors of culture — buildings, pictures, books, music, and refined teachers — shall be had, and shall be had for all public schools, just as soon as the public recognizes education as strictly social, fitting us to live together. The Three R's will be the beginning of this education, and democracy the bigger end toward which it moves. The Three R's broadly handled, strongly, stirringly taught, and carried on until they compass the doctrine of democracy, shall be the common education of the future.

Give me the literature of the world, give me the power of expression, give me the magic

of mathematics, and besides these, give me the idea of democracy, as a moral code, as a social order, as a religious faith, and you have given me, not only wisdom and power, but even an eye for the wind when I cart ashes for the city.

It is the unabashed, complaisant American "mediocrity," the lack of money and manners, that Hingham and Boston and New York draw back from in the public schools — the unwashed American, in the language of my groceryman. It is this and more: it is really American democracy itself which our people dislike. It is from America herself, her best self, that we withdraw — to set up about us our little neighborhood aristocracies.

Come to Boston, to the only public school in the Back Bay! Here is the secret of Democracy for which the world is seeking. It has followed the gleam, and it has led to this school for rich and poor — if there are any poor in the Back Bay! Here shall be found the little citizens of the future, eleven hundred of them from the water-side of Beacon Street, over, far over from "between the tracks"; little seeds in the cold-frame of democracy, seatmates, classmates,

playmates together in the Nation's Common School!

Common School! the nation has public schools, and private schools, but no common school. Here are eleven hundred children in this Back Bay public school *who are none of them Back Bay children.* True, there are children from the Back Bay here — cooks' children, coachmen's children, from over on Beacon Street — while the rest are a floating riff-raff from somewhere west of Boylston Street, between the railroad tracks.

Back Bay children used to attend this public school, and a few may still attend. When it was made thoroughly democratic, however, the Back Bay withdrew its children, *en bloc;* but not its patronage. Back Bay women, believing in education and culture, have privately supplied this school with their money, ever since they deprived it of their children — money for drawing, dancing, singing, and a school visitor. And all these things money can buy; but the thing that money cannot buy is democracy. Only Back Bay children can supply the Back Bay school with democracy, and Back Bay children are not allowed to go to this Back Bay school. Eleven

hundred children in the only Back Bay public school, and scarcely a Back Bay child among them!

As a nation, we understand the theory of democracy; collectively, we are eloquent preachers of the doctrine; but as individuals, we practice a different thing. We can die for democracy. Yet we cannot go to school for it; we cannot *be* democratic. We fought to make the world safe for democracy, and now we are arraying our own citizens in warring camps of class and mass by a system of "education for a living," and by another system of "education for life," for place, and power, instead of for liberty, equality, fraternity. Does God laugh? He must laugh, else despair of the human race would kill Him. Here are the German people with their new republican constitution abolishing all private schools, both elementary and preparatory; sweeping off the stage, along with titles of honor, class privilege, the Iron Cross, and all other accouterments of the "old imperialism," the thousands of private educational establishments which flourished throughout the fatherland before the war. "That the German people, with

their intense faith in the power of education, should have done this is a significant sign of the times" — in Germany!

But in America? We are invading the little republics south of us and enslaving them; we are holding the Philippines against every American principle of justice and honor; we are standing aloof from crying Europe like craven cowards; we are pitting Capital against Labor to the verge of civil war; and only yesterday at Washington, D. C., at the dedication of the great Lincoln Memorial the Jim Crow law was enforced at the point of the bayonet in democratic America!

I have four sons to educate in America — one a politician, I hope; one a preacher; one a poet; one a combined farmer and a college professor, may be! I am ambitious for them. But professor, or poet, or preacher, or politician — I care not what — one thing they shall be, if the public schools can make them: they shall be democratic citizens of this great democracy, taught to accept equality, taught to relish equality, and taught to make themselves pleasant to their equals.

CHAPTER III

EDUCATION FOR INDIVIDUALITY

I

THERE is a little bay in one of the rooms of our house, the width of a window, the depth of a child's crib, which, in the blue-print, was for the baby. The young couple who built this house had right intentions in the blue-print. They told the architect what to do, and he did it; but the young pair weakened and kept a bureau in the little bay instead. That couple belong to the passing generation. They built at a time when at least one window in a house of forty was still dedicated to the chance of children; whereas my generation has become altogether practical, clearly recognizing in the blue-print the greater convenience of bureaus. If children come, as they do sometimes, it is quite by accident; and you build hospitals for accidents. In short, accidents ultimately are a charge on the general public, to be provided for out of the public funds.

The public machinery for saving parents from their children approaches perfection. When some mechanical contrivance is found for manufacturing babies, the public will then have assumed the entire child-responsibility. At the present time a public something or somebody — crèche, or nurse, "home"-kindergarten, cradle-roll, scout-master, camp, or school — attends the babe from birth straight through to business, or début — where a public caterer provides the refreshment, a public orchestra the music, a public house the ballroom, and only the general public is lacking to complete what, since the christening, has been a public affair.

On my daily in-and-out-of Boston I pass the Y.M.C.A., the Huntington School, the Forsyth Dental Infirmary for school-children, the Children's Hospital, Miss Winsor's school for girls, the Boston School of Physical Education, Saint Joseph's Industrial School, the Blind Babies' Home, the Little Wanderers' Home, a great parochial school, the Milton Academy for boys, the same for girls, the Quincy Boy-Scout Headquarters, a public playground, two or three kindergartens, several Sunday schools, and

public schools at every turn — signs of the public's determination to stand *in loco parentis;* some of it for necessary public ends, but much of it a poor public substitute for parents and private homes. Along the roads I dodge little groups of children forced into the edge of the honking swirl to play, father and mother forsaking them, and the courts and the A.L.A. taking them up.

Most parents provide for their children; some take personal care of their children; but few indeed are they who can be forced to take any part in the education of their children, education having become the business of schools, a factory process, turned over entirely to the public. Here and there is a sublime parent who plods doggedly over the alphabet and the algebra, getting an education for himself at this late day; but such are rare, the run of parents putting their babes into the kindergarten or some other educational incubator, while they themselves slip off the educational nest like cuckoos and cowbirds.

"Whatever am I to do?" cried a mother to me. "School closes on the ninth of June and

Tommy comes home; and the Camp does n't open till the seventeenth! Here I am left high and dry with Tommy on my hands all that time!"

Tommy is getting something out of his boarding-school, and something out of his summer camp on Moosehead Lake; but he is not getting what he has a right to out of his home.

Much in our education is conventional and universal, calling for drill, efficient school-drill; many of the movements of education are mechanical mass actions, which require training by squads and companies, like soldiers. All the social aspects of education, all the togetherness of it, can nowhere be had so well as in school. And this is a very essential part of education. The professional teacher is no hireling. He is a necessary member of society, an indispensable factor in general intelligence, and so holds in his (or her) hand the very fate of the world. No one can take the professional teacher's place, as no substitute can be found for the institution of the school. Parents and home are not substitutes; nor, on the other hand, in a

complete education — an education for individuality — are professional teachers and schools a real substitute for parents and homes.

If education for democracy is understanding based on common training and personal acquaintance in school, then education for individuality — a thing as elemental and personal as life itself — cannot possibly be the sole product, or in large part, the product of any school, but must begin, where individuality begins, in the cradle, finding its first and freest development in the home, the only institution of civilization devoted to the oneness of life as against life's many-ness. The class, the school, the group-idea, is a prime factor in education for democracy. Nothing better has been devised to this end than our common public schools.

But democracy is only a system of government, only a way of living, and not life itself. The stability of our Government must be found in its democracy. The glory of our Nation must be like —

> "To the glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome"

— lines like these of Poe; lives like those of

Franklin and Lincoln. The glory of Nations is not their institutions, but their men, their individuals. Communism is an institutional government — the institution first and supreme. Democracy puts the individual first, but stops short of making him supreme. The State exists; exists for the individual; to set him free with a freedom shared by all — the freedom of democracy. Beyond this is still another freedom — of the individual soul, life, as distinct from a way of living.

So here, in spite of my democracy, and the mingling multitude, here am I, "lone-wandering," in endless search of myself. For æons I have been searching, from star to star down the ages, until I chanced this way, upon this daring experiment in democracy, which deeply interests me, and for the time delays me in my ceaseless search. I love the idea of democracy. I believe in liberty, equality, fraternity. I believe also in the divine right of kings; and if any kings were born unto my royal parents, or if any have been born unto me (as I suspect four have), then they must have their divine rights: must leave this crowd, this good, this necessary, this commonplace crowd, and wandering on

with me, must search until each of us comes to the kingdom of his solitary soul.

I AM. If I live with ordinary people, God also dwells among them, there being no other sort. I am one of them. All I have, they give me. All they give me, I would give them back, and more. But giving them all I have still leaves me all I am. I cannot give this; they cannot receive it. I am that I am; as God is. And this essential self, this eternal I, cannot go with anybody to *school.*

II

How in a democracy and during a common-school training, am I, this essential self, to be educated?

Whatever leads me out, whatever deepens, quickens, strengthens the personal, the peculiar in me, the *bent* of my nature, educates the individual in me. The school can develop what I have in common with others; what I am in myself will often be repressed, discouraged, defeated by school, unless I am more powerful than the machine, or find freedom or help from without. The most natural and powerful of

these individualizing forces should be the home.

One of the insistent charges brought against the public school is that it ignores personality, hinders the brilliant, and is attended by terrible risks — all of this because it is a *public* school. But these faults are neither public nor private — they are just *school*, any school, an inherent fault in the machine. Moreover, they are inherent in human nature, too — the risks, I mean. God planted three risks in Eden: Adam, Eve, and the Tree; and Eve had no choice but to take two of them! Risks have to be taken; and the sooner certain of them are taken, the better — while still holding little Eve's hand in your own, you can show her how, without shying or sighing, she can safely meet them. I am afraid of life's risks; but I am giving my children all the varieties of them found in the public schools, knowing that the best private school in the land has quite as choice a selection.

Just so I give them night air to breathe at night, it being the only kind there is at night; and a child cannot stop breathing because it is night. Children need risks as chickens need grit in their gizzards. The only way to save a child

from risks is to forestall its being born. Once conceived, a child is little else than a risk; and when he starts to school he must be told of the risks, must be taught how to meet the risks, how even to risk the risks and to take life's daring chance. If there is an individualizing force, and one better than another in the whole school programme, it is the *risks* at school.

The only peculiar risk of the public school is incident to and inherent in, democracy, to be escaped by extraterritoriality, change of citizenship only, not by withdrawal into some un-American caste school, call it "Country-Day" "Progressive" or "Miss Pretense's Select." All the evils of your local school and mine are ours to correct, not to shun and so help perpetuate.

And as for the other charge against the public school, of hindering the brilliant and making for mediocrity — that is the fault of all schools, so far as it is true. It is largely false, however — pure academic talk, indeed, and flatly contradicted by human nature. Neither principalities nor faculties can seriously thwart the brilliant mind; and if personality so feeble were,

"Heaven itself would stoop to her,"

as Heaven has time and again, and as Heaven did in the original pattern of personality.

The public school does not recognize the brilliant mind as standard. But what other *school* does? Which is the All-Brilliant Boys' School? And does its headmaster still live? How I covet the headship of the All-Brilliant School, where nature breeds

"Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,"

— the intellectually overdone, the physically underdone, the morally undone — prenatal freaks in need of a surgical operation, or, it may be, a spanking. The All-Brilliant School is a reform school. The public school (the private school, too) must specialize in the average. The school has a mass work to do, a national function to perform — to educate for democracy; the education for individuality must be given us everywhere, but not in any school. The terms are almost paradoxical. You can school the individual, but you cannot school individuality, either in a public, or in the most select of private schools. Individuality can be educated, but it cannot go to school.

Clearly recognizing the social and the individual ends of life, we as clearly recognize two principles in education — one making for social solidarity, the other for individuality. A true American education must realize the highest individuality, as well as the widest democracy. Dedicating the school to the ends of democracy, we shall find the education for individuality wherever we can. And we find it everywhere, but nowhere so close at hand, so early at work, and so powerfully at work — if it works at all — as in the home. Here the poet is born, and here, not in school, he is educated for poetry.

The precious, personal thing —

> "The soul that rises with us, our life's star,"

hath here, if anywhere, its rightful place assigned it in the shining heavens. No school can do this. No school-teacher to the end of life's lessons has quite this celestial chance.

Yet I owe much first and last to my teachers. As I look back I seem to see a teacher at almost every fork of the road. Whenever I came up to a great decision, a teacher was there with wise counsel — teachers whose names might

stand as titles to some of the most significant chapters in my life. It is a great thing to be a teacher, a tremendous thing! But it is a more tremendous thing to be a father or a mother, where education for individuality is at stake. Yet, beside the average home, the little red schoolhouse, as an educational center, looks like a university; and the average red-schoolhouse teacher, poor as she is (and she is terribly poor), when put beside the average parent, is a teaching genius.

Life should be reconceived in terms of the child: our towns should be destroyed and built again for the child; houses torn out and made over for the child; home life reordered and adjusted to the child; marriage approached, and entered into, for the child; the very education of boys and girls to include the meaning of the child; and if it is a question which shall have the higher education, the boy or the girl, send the girl to college for the sake of the future child. I have said elsewhere that the hope of the race is in Eve — in her making the best she can of Adam; it would be truer to say, in her making the best she can of little Cain and Abel.

How small a learning, after all, it takes to teach the alphabet and the multiplication-table and the Bible! How much time it takes, though, and patience, and joy in your children, and love of learning! But not any more of love and joy and time than parents who take their children at par can afford to give them; nor more than we have actually given our children in our own home.

III

"Oh, your home is exceptional!" Our home is exceptional — it is servantless, and has been since the beginning of the war; it is so remote that I must rise at 5.30 A.M. to start the fire, in order to catch a train for Boston in time for my first lecture at 10 o'clock; and so exceptional is the place that, when I get home at night, I descend from my car, gaze out over the landscape, and exclaim, "Mullein Hill, I am here!" Let no one tell me anything about this exceptional place or its exceptional inhabitants. I am tolerably well acquainted here; and I know that for glorious sunrises and inconveniences and ordinary folk this hilltop is positively unique.

Education never went forward under greater difficulties of this sort. Yet forward it has gone, steadily, the main thing of the day, the great circumstance of life. My part in it has been small: that of janitor, and school committee, and sometimes pupil, the teaching being largely done by the children's mother. Still, I am on the Faculty, and was present the day the systematic work was begun: the day the oldest boy (he was five), seeing a picture of John Gilpin in the back of a magazine, asked who he was and where he was galloping. Down came the old leather-bound Cowper, and away went the five-year-old to Islington, to Edmonton and Ware, then short about, back over the road again —

> 'Nor stopped till where he had got up,
> He once again got down."

Gilpin rode the Calender's horse that day. Neck and neck with him on Pegasus rode the boy, conscious for the first time in his small years of the swinging rhythm in the gait of the steed, and of the beat — the beat — of the golden hoofs.

Soon there was another five-year-old up behind his brother (now six); and with that we bought Pegasus, and gave him to the children —

as good an investment as we ever made. None of our children lisped in numbers, and perhaps none of them will, but not for lack of poetry. Poets are born, of course, and are made after being born, too; but the real poet is something more: he is, and was from the foundation, a preordained part of the divine scheme of things; but next to him, in the divine order, comes the lover of poetry. I agree with Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby, that, if I could teach my boys but one thing, that thing should be poetry — to strengthen their imagination, to chasten their sensibilities, to quicken and deepen their emotions, to give them their glorious mother-tongue, and the language of real life, and the significance of real things — which is all "flub" and "floating island" to the "practical" man.

"John Gilpin" was followed by "The First Snowfall," "To a Waterfowl," "The Death of the Flowers," "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," Addison's Hymn, "Sir Patrick Spens," the First, Eighth, Twenty-Third, and Twenty-Fourth Psalms — all of them committed to memory; the Eighth Psalm, recited under the listening stars; "The Death of the Flowers,"

conned over and over as we tramped the naked woods in the gray melancholy of November.

All this time they were learning to read for themselves, chiefly with the fascinating pictures in the advertising ends of the magazines. Never was there a school primer that made words so compelling! The things to eat — cake all true to color, all cut and ready to pick off the plate; stuff to drink; things to wear; places to see; endless, wonderful! "What do the words say?" was the constant duet. This was not "learning to read"— it was eating and drinking, bathing, and climbing — living in words.

The teacher used any "method," and all methods (based on the phonetic), the eager minds grappling with the syllables in a catch-as-catch-can tussle for their tantalizing stories. That first reading lesson began with the pretty sounds, "Coca-Cola — as Refreshing as a Summer Breeze or a Dip in the Sea"; and the next lesson was, "Peter's Milk Chocolate, as High as the Alps in Quality"; and the delicious thing was done! They had learned to read, and were quickly at work with their new magic in "The Water-Babies," their first reading-book. A few

lines a day, reviewed the next day, with lines in advance, and soon the story was coming steadily, and faster and faster as the familiar word-faces multiplied toward the middle of the volume. What a delightful way to learn! And such a story! such a sermon! such a lot of fun! such sweet verses! such a truly great book, too! Then they did it over again; and later on, these two put the two younger boys through it, until Tom and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came and joined our family.

Next it was "Mother Goose," then Æsop "in the brave old seventeenth-century edition of Sir Roger L'Estrange," then Alice, then Pilgrim, then — I have lost count; but I know that right soon they were reading the "Æneid" in Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard's fine metrical translation; and with that their reading *lessons* were done.

But the "Æneid" was a summer's work. Daily at ten they had their Virgil, reviewing the previous lesson, and reading ahead until the clock struck eleven. This, I think, has been one of their greatest educational experiences: the heroic story, the epic characters, the glorious

poetry, the legend, the lore, the love of the past — all of it of incalculable worth.

Such reading is not for fact; it is for imagination and feeling. All great literature is simple enough for children, as easy to give them as "The Katzenjammer Kids." Virgil is a noble book for children. A single incident from the reading will show the strong grip of the story upon their minds.

Day after day, the reading had gone forward, and was now at the scene of the fall of young Lausus, and the grief of his father Mezentius, who, staggering to his feet, at this dire news of his son, mounted his strong steed, Rhœbus.

Round and round the great Æneas he rode, filling the shield of his enemy with a forest of lances, until the Trojan, desperately pressed, suddenly burst from behind his shield upon the already wounded Mezentius and —

"Deep in the hollow skull of the horse he buried a javelin"

— the steed, in its fall, pinning Mezentius to the earth, with Æneas, dagger drawn, triumphant over him. A mighty shout shakes all the battlefield. And then a hush! Mezentius is speaking:

"Why, cruel enemy, standest thou here with threats and revilings?
I have no quarrel with death,"

when a smothered cry breaks in on the reading. With cheeks flushed, eyes wide with pity, and breath hardly more than sobs, the two little listeners hear the fallen warrior ask:

"Grant that entombed by the side of my son, we may slumber together"

— when a little hand creeps out and covers the rest of the passage, a little head drops weeping upon the table, while the other little listener, dry-eyed, slips silently down from his seat and buries himself in the lap of his mother.

This was a deeply significant event in their education. They may not have been born poets; but the love of poetry was born in them with this experience, making them ready now for school, and even for college — proof against the possible dullness now of college and school, and possessed now forever of poetry as an inherent quality in the very nature of things.

I should like to name here many more of the things read in this creative fashion before the

oldest boy was ten, when he and his brother began to go to school. Yet education is neither much nor little, but the "Æneid" — in this case — or whatever awakes the soul to an immortal love, or possesses the mind of an immortal power, or gives the spirit, to have and to hold, an immortal truth.

Next to the out-of-doors for this purpose I would put poetry. Words are the shadow of character and style in speech is so nearly the same as personality that we call the style and the man one. An education for personality must embrace the essential quality of things which is beauty. And I know of nothing else so likely as poetry to reveal that quality in Nature herself and make me feel

> "A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

It is highly suggestive that William Dean Howells says of his father's library: "His own choice was for poetry; and most of our library, which was not given to theology, was given to

poetry." It was in this library, with this poetry, that Howells got a most significant part of his early education.

IV

An education for individuality should include in a large way the essential beauty or poetry of things; the essential order or history of things; the ultimative values or the religion of things; and, in childhood particularly, the eternal yea and nay, or the reality, of things.

This is a curriculum, in large part, quite beyond the compass of the schools, a course of study, too early, much of it, and too intimately personal, for the schools. It must be done outside of school, and often *in spite* of the school.

So, the reading went on in our house a little every day, after school was begun; and during the summer vacation the old order was entirely resumed — a quiet steady push through the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Tanglewood Tales," the "Wonder-Book," Gayley's "Classic Myths," "The Frogs" of Aristophanes (Murray's translation), and many, many books besides; while still such reading was utterly un-

suspected of being less real joy and boy-excitement than outdoor work or play.

How can such reading be made possible with the day's work what it is? In answer to that question I might do well to touch here upon another of our devices — the daily reading aloud — which went on with what I have just described, and which, so far as the children can remember, had no beginning, so early was it started.

A nap at noon allowed the boys to sit up until eight o'clock in the evening for this hour of out-loud reading. Their mother usually held the book. With faces scrubbed, each in his "bear-clothes" and bath-robe, ready for bed, the four would range themselves in small chairs before the fire, listening, night after night, year after year, to story, poetry, history, biography, essay, travel, the "Atlantic," the news of the day, until that evening hour had become as studded with shining books as the clear sky last night was studded with shining stars.

This calls for a desperately simple sort of life. A child, however, is a desperately simple sort of creature; and life is a rather desperate sort of

thing, with or without children. Still, a good book is a good thing; and a man's fireside in the country is a comfortable place; and four shiny-eyed listeners, if they are little and chance to be your own, add a good deal to the book and the fragrant fire; while a good reader, if she loves reading aloud, and if she knows how to read aloud — I say that she also helps to rob the hour of its very desperate aspect.

It is impossible to catalogue here all these open-fire books — more poetry, story, history, biography, and nature than the children will get in college, or have time for after college, possibly. Yet it is not the many books, it is rather the kind of reading, that counts: for instance, Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," with its trip around the Horn; then Lewis and Clark's "Journal," with the overland adventure down the Columbia; then Parkman's "Oregon Trail," and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac"— a more thrilling series for adventure than "Deadwood Dick, or The Bucket of Blood," and for all that forms the vast and picturesque background of our American literature and history, a better course than they will ever have in college.

We no longer keep up the reading regularly; the cares of this world and college courses making short shift of that seven-to-eight hour; but the old habit is strong upon us, and all through this Christmas vacation we have nightly had the reading and the fire, and the same four boys, but bigger now, with tears of joy on their faces at the doings of Sam Weller and the Pickwickians.

V

Early in education for individuality should come universal history for the essential order of things in this personal world. The child's mind is diagrammatic. It likes beginnings and ends. It draws a map. It wishes things related, and all brought home to Hingham. This only means that the child first feels out itself, and tries to explain the world in terms of self. The study of history with little children is imperative.

Nothing in our home education is so simple or so suggestive as our work in history, which, like the reading, began very early — with a revolving globe of the world for geography, and with Swinton's "Outlines of the World's History" for story and chronology.

Starting from Hingham as their geographical centre, the children would follow on the globe a steamship line to London for John Gilpin's ride. This became a habit. Whatever study was going forward about the step-ladder table, there, among the closely crowded heads, was sure to be the revolving globe, with the geography of the situation — poem, or whatever it might be — before them: steamship routes as real as mountain ranges, Peking as near as Provincetown — the world never a flat map as it was to me, but a whole round sphere in this one globe, and an unbroken human story in this single book of Swinton's.

This study of Swinton was the beginning of their historical and political interests, and of their sense of the sequence, of the relations, of the interactions, and of the unity of human things, that has made history and literature a living thing to them, and life right here in Hingham a universal, as well as a personal, thing. Nothing has made them so free of the world, intellectually so free and unafraid, so variously interested in men and affairs, as this study of Swinton. They read the book through, then

through again, and again, using up that copy, and thumbing wretchedly a second copy that I was obliged to get them.

This was the trunk-line of their educational travel. Everything went forward by this through route. The revolving globe on their table made all things right in space, the outline history made the same things right in time, and with time and space put to rights, this world, so full of a number of things, was quite set to rights in their young understandings. Take the Swinton yourself and, running the continuous thread of its story through your world of spilled and sprawling facts, see how neatly it strings them together! With the children it was magic. The picture of a ruined temple on the wall of their room belonged here or there in the history; the books of the house were searched — poems, stories, lives of men — because they enlarged the lessons in the history; the fixed stars in the skies became the firmer fixed because the little learners had come upon Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Galileo in their history. And so with everything in turn: the Pyramids in Egypt, the snowy peaks in Alaska, Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees, to our

own great Abraham in Washington of the Americans — all came and took their proper places as the little torch-bearers went flaring with their history down the shadowy street of Time.

This experience was fundamental. Behind all their thinking, at the bottom of all their ranging interests, ordering and explaining all their opening world, was this generalized history. Such general history, vividly taught and realized, is a prime need of our national education programme. Here the world-clans gather and go to school, a score of nations in a single school; and nothing but history, history generalized, then focalized upon our place and times, will show that all places and times have been waiting for this one place and time — for true democracy, the divine event, not now so far off, toward which the whole creation has these long dark centuries, been moving.

And for individuality such study can hardly be started too early; nor can too great stress be laid upon it, either in the home or at school. It is both fact and story, the natural meat and drink of childhood; and this short universal history, without thinning or Rollo-ing or babying

in any degree, will be, not only meat and drink, but the sweetness and the light of democracy, the rightness and the reasonableness of such a personal faith and works even though we live to-day in Hingham.

VI

PERHAPS the most powerful individualizing influence in the world comes out of direct contact with nature. No parent will neglect the wide spaces, the deep solitudes, the mighty forces of storm and calm, the everlasting hills, and the stars — the stars that in their courses seem to set a stellar course for each human child-soul; nor will a wise parent fail to show his child the "meanest flower that blows," and its riddle, and its poignant beauty, and its pain. I shall touch upon this phase of education in the next chapter; here I am trying to suggest a course of study in books, out of school, that shall supplement the school course, for a hint to the parent of the average child of how that child may be taught to enjoy his own mind, and how he may come to reign in the realms of his own solitary soul.

Nothing will take the place of nature herself.

The child must have the out-of-doors and no substitute; but there are many good books within the school list, and outside of it, that will be to the confusion in nature what the outline history of the world proved to be among the tangled facts of human life. In our own study such books as Arabella Buckley's "Fairy Land of Science," "Life and Her Children," and "Winners in Life's Race" not only let the long geologic ages come creeping by, but those books had the power to invest the simple commonplace everyday things, pollywogs, even pollywogs, with all the right and reason of the planets, and endow them with a life-story stranger than any fable dreamed by Æsop.

The world of real things is not too much with us. It is the world of make-believe, of twisted, tortured, half-seen, half-realized things that is too much with us. An education for individuality will embrace real things, will teach the child to handle them, call them by their right names, and demand of them their ultimate values. Those values reach down to religion. "This knowledge is too wonderful for me"—is what he must be led to feel.

How is education to be invested with such meaning that it becomes religion? How can thing and fact be clothed for the child with reverential awe?

The best of books for that purpose is the Bible. Let the child's education, the imagery of his mind, the words on his lips, the meanings in his heart, come out of his reading of the Bible. He finds God in other books, but here he finds Him supreme. It is the emphasis on God, the God-approach to all things, in the Bible which makes the Bible a different thing, giving it so peculiar and important a place in the child's education.

But more than that the King James Version of the Bible, if not the original, is still to-day the best source of pure, idiomatic and simple English form.

The Bible is the humanest book in the world; the King James Version of it is the greatest book in English literature, and the very source and fountain-head of English literature. Without the Bible, English literature is so wholly unthinkable that it strikes the mind as absurd. And an English education without the Bible is quite as unthinkable — but it is far from absurd.

It is a denial. Children nowadays go to Sunday school, but not with a Bible; nor do they read out of a Bible when they arrive. They read from a "lesson leaf," a prepared substitute.

We are a Bible-starved Nation. There is positively no substitute for the King James Version of the Bible, nothing to take its place, no revised, modernized, storyized version, nothing yet devised or to be devised that will do at all for the old "authorized" Bible.

Our own children never went much to Sunday school — never "*studied*" the Bible. They learned about the Old and New Testaments, the various groups of the books, the books in each group; they committed many psalms and other selections to memory; they know Who's Who in the Bible, and they love the Book; but this they got by reading.

It is remarkable what you can get out of some books by reading them. We began the reading years ago — none of us can remember when — in a haphazard way (after the training I had had in Sunday school). This was soon changed to a regular, orderly way, which, starting with Genesis, went forward a chapter a day, until, by

and by, it came to the end of Revelation. And the next morning we turned back and started in again with Genesis, which was as fresh as if we had not read it some two or three years before!

Each of us has his own Bible, and one of the boys is Bible warden. He puts them on after breakfast, as the old servant in the Ruskin household put on the dessert. Every morning, as soon as breakfast is over, and while we are still at the table (it is fatal to rise), the Bibles are brought in and passed around, and beginning at the head of table, we read aloud in turn, dividing the chapter by verses equally among us. Seven mornings a week, D.V., we do this, and on Sunday morning, for years, those seven chapters were reviewed, discussed, and illustrated with a series of great Bible pictures. Besides this, we studied Toy's "History of the Religion of Israel," and read a life of Christ which I had the temerity to write for one of our popular magazines when a theological student; we followed Paul in his wanderings; but the daily reading was and is the big thing — right along from day to day, dry places, hard places,

and bad places, never missing a line — not even the numbering of the Tribes, the building of the Tabernacle, the Who-begat-Whom chapters, Ruth and Rahab and the Scarlet Woman: everybody, everything, just as it reads, without a quiver, and with endless joy and zest.

If it is a "dry" place like the building of the Tabernacle, so much the better lesson in patience and concentration; if it is a "bad" place (and there are some horrid spots in the Old Testament), the children had better have it frankly with us than on the sly, and have it early while their only interest in it is the interest of fact. If it is a "hard" place, as it was this morning in the fifteenth chapter of Joshua, we lick it up, to see who can do the cleanest job of pronunciation, who can best handle his tongue, and make most poetry out of the cities with their villages.

But there are the beautiful places, the thrilling places — the story, the poetry, the biography, the warning, the exhortation, the revelation, the priest, the prophet, the Great Teacher, the Twelve Disciples, kings and common people, and everywhere the presence of God.

I have not tried to shape the children's religious faith, that being a natural thing without need of shaping, unless, distorted by dogma, it must be *re*shaped till it again becomes a little child's. I have learned religion of them, not they of me, with my graduate degree in theology, which I would so gladly give in exchange for the heart of a little child!

CHAPTER IV

EDUCATION FOR AUTHORITY

I

LOOKING out over the 105,000,000 of our people, and thinking of the millions of American children in school, and of the millions of dollars annually spent in America for education, one of our college presidents in a recent report calls his trustees' attention to the fact that, for all of these millions of money and children, American education has not produced for the present moment a single great poet, a single great philosopher, or a single great religious leader, his survey closing with these significant words: "The great voices of the spirit are stilled just now in America."

That the voices of the spirit in any nation, for any moment, should be silent is enough to give a people pause. That such voices should be silent in our Nation, and at this particular moment, is more than a curious comment upon American education: it is a very solemn, serious charge. Why is it that with all our means and our un-

limited material, we have not produced for this crisis a single great poet or philosopher or religious leader?

The answer is: We don't believe in poets and philosophers and religious leaders. We believe in business men. We have no mind for the things of the spirit, and no course of study for spiritual ends. The plan and purpose of American education is practical, vocational, for business. No American parent educates his child for poetry or prophecy. A business friend of mine, with young sons of his own, a staunch church goer, and a steady worker in the Y.M.C.A., hearing that a certain young college man had decided to enter the ministry, came to me the other day and said, with great grief:

"What can we do to head him off?"

"What do you wish to head him off for?" I asked.

"Think of the waste of all that splendid material!" he exclaimed.

There speaks the American — not the American father only, but the typical American mother as well. This mind, of course, is matched with an education. If we look for "Captains of

Industry," for great inventors, organizers and bankers in America we shall find them. The great voices of the spirit are stilled just now in America, but not the grunt of the pig in Pittsburgh or the squeal of the pig in Chicago. We believe in pig iron and pork.

We Americans need a new faith and a new education that shall make for wisdom and sermon and song. We have the doer. Is there an education for the Creator?

At the close of the Sermon on the Mount, the commentator says: The people were astonished, for He taught them as one having authority, and not as those who had gone to college (un-Authorized Version). They were astonished that every reference to their sacred books was to contradict them; that over against their hitherto unquestioned authority He should set Himself in authority; that these obvious things He said should be so true, so astonishingly new and true: homely, familiar things, not out of books, but out of life and nature.

Except for a faint echo of Isaiah and the Psalmists, and some half-dozen references to Old Testament law (which he cited to refute), all the

matter in the Sermon on the Mount is from common life and the out-of-doors: the house on the rock; the good tree and the evil fruit; the false prophet; the straight gate; the son who asks a fish; the pearls before the swine; the lilies of the field — familiar matter, and commonplace, but suddenly new with meaning, and startling with authority.

Isaiah had dealt earlier with these things; and one rises from that prophet wondering what more can be said, how better said. Yet Isaiah never spake like the Man of this Sermon. This Man had the books of Isaiah, but He went behind the books with his observations, as substance goes behind shadow, appealing from the books direct to life and nature.

Life and nature are still the source of originality, the sole seat of authority. Books make a full man. It is life and nature that give him authority. But life and nature are little reckoned with in formal education; small credit is given them in the classroom; yet authority — authorship — poet and prophet, are the glory of education. Or is it the end of education to produce the scribe?

Neither scribe nor author is the end of our *school* education; but that average intelligence upon which democracy rests. Not scribe but citizen, not author but voter, is the business of the schools, the true end of its course of study. The schools are the public's, concerned with the public, with the education of living together. There are several educations, however: one, in the public school, for democracy; another, in and out of school, for individuality; and another distinct and essential education, in life and nature, for authority — as great a national need as democracy. We need peace and prosperity and liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but quite as much does this Nation need vision — to walk in truth and beauty. Where there is no vision, the people perish.

Can we educate for vision? teach men authority — to preach a Sermon on the Mount? to land on Plymouth Rock? to write a Walden Pond? to be an Abraham Lincoln? to risk a league of nations? These are visions, daring, dangerous visions, not old out of books, but new, out of life and nature. We must educate for vision — for dreams and deeds that are without precedent.

But not in school. Jesus went little to school. He knew a few great books profoundly; but He was not bound out to books for an education. It is hardly strange that the schools should make nothing of this. It is passing strange, however, that we parents, dreaming dreams for our children, should send them to school for their whole education, getting no hint from an opposite course that was found fit for Jesus.

There were schools and books aplenty, and young Saul of Tarsus had them, and had Gamaliel for his teacher. The boy in Nazareth had a few great books of poetry and prophecy; He had his school, too, but it was the carpenter's shop, the village street, the wild, lonely hills reaching off behind the town. This was his education; and there is none better — none other, perhaps — for authority.

Supreme utterance is always poetic utterance, deeply human, deeply religious, and as fresh and daring as the dawn. Such utterance may come untaught. But if the conscious power for such utterance is the possession of the few, the instinct for it, and the joy in it, is a quality of all human minds. Deeper within us than our con-

scious mind, deeper than our subconscious mind, this instinct for utterance is the essence of the unconscious, the inmost, mind, whose substance is the flux of all originals. We can all utter, create, make; and we should have in our education the raw materials out of which new things are made; and find somewhere the original patterns according to which new things are made.

There were other boys in Nazareth, who had the books, the work-bench, the village street and the lonely hills, without acquiring authority. This single boy was different. So is every boy — yet no matter how different this particular boy, the significant thing is that He had for teachers the humble people, work with tools, the solemn, silent hills, and a few beautiful, intensely spiritual books, and that out of this teaching He learned to speak with authority.

So it was with Lincoln: the very books, work with his hands, elemental people, the lonely backwoods. Lincoln and Edward Everett were different; not so different in genius, however, as in education. "Lincoln," says a biographer, "was a self-made man, in whom genius tri-

umphed over circumstance." I should rather say that of Everett, the accomplished scholar, Greek professor, President of Harvard College, Governor of Massachusetts, editor, senator, foreign minister, who, in spite of all this circumstance, was something of a natural orator. But standing beside Lincoln at Gettysburg, he spoke for an hour with this vast book education, like the Scribes, leaving Lincoln, with his natural education, to speak for five minutes with authority. Genius and circumstance in Lincoln were by chance joined together; conventional education happily did not put them asunder. Of these two, Edward Everett was emphatically the self-made man in whom genius triumphed over circumstances — such triumph as there was.

It is not often so with genius. Chance cannot get the consent of circumstance; nor to-day is there any match for convention.

Take my little neighbor, a small Finnish boy in the woods of Hingham who brought into Boston the other day his winter's catch of furs — twenty-six dollars worth of skunk and mink and muskrat skins. He was asked to come to a select private school and tell the little bookish boys in

the city of his adventures in the woods. The little bookish boys of Boston knew little of the wilds of Hingham; and the little trapper of the wilds knew even less of the books of Boston. And what a pity! If only the two courses, these complementary educations could some way be combined!

That little Finn boy's father was a peripatetic story-teller in Russia, a wandering, professional *raconteur* — until he reached America and the Fore River shipyard. He is a boiler-maker now. But the open road still calls to the boy and a real flute is hidden in his jacket. Rime and ballad are in his blood. He is being "Americanized" in the Hingham schools into a good boiler-maker. And the little boys in the Boston school will boss him at Fore River.

Russia is an unhappy land now. But I had rather be a wandering Finn and a story-teller in Russia, than an Americanized boiler-maker here. Neither Lincoln nor Edward Everett were boiler-makers — thanks to accident, not to school education. I tremble to think what either of them would be if they were in school to-day! It is idle to speculate on what Lincoln

might have been, had his ancestors stayed in Hingham, where they landed, and had he gone to Derby Academy and to Harvard. It is almost too terrible to contemplate. Let us rather remember what actually happened, for what actually happened on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek is more significant. Here he was born, a long way from Hingham, the son of a carpenter, and he had for teachers his father's tools, the prairie, the westering pioneers, the great river, the "Life of Washington," "Pilgrim's Progress," Æsop, Shakespeare, and the Bible — the large electives that cover the course of natural education as against the education of the School.

This is the education for authority. A child cannot be educated for authority on lesser books, with sophisticated people, with pointless play instead of work, with ordered lessons in school in place of the dear disorder of nature, and her companionship, and his own soul's. The simple needs of authorship have not changed.

The trouble is too much school education and too little natural education. We limit education

to the school, as if the school were a whole education!

II

All great utterance is original, simple and profound — reaching up and down to God. The education of the poet and prophet must include God. But who looks after your child's education in religion? As a factor in education, religion has almost ceased to operate, notwithstanding the church schools. The sensitive spirit cannot seek after God in school. It should have a universe — and have it all alone. As truly as ever do we live, and move, and have our being in God; but at this present moment we have so much more of being in business, and move so much faster by motor, that it seems our existence in God must possibly have been prenatal, or might become a postmortem affair.

Religion in education is strictly the part of some one — the parental part of education, and no business of any school. Is it because I fail, that I seem to see all parents failing in religion? My children have not had what I had in religion — not my Quaker grandfather certainly, who

was lame and walked slowly, and so, I used to think, and still think, more surely walked with God. My first memory of that grandfather is of his lifting an adder out of the winding woodpath with his cane, saying, "Thee must never hurt one of God's creatures" — an intensely religious act and an intensely religious saying, which to this day cover for me the glittering folds of the snake with the care, and not the curse, of God.

Years later I was at work in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. Dr. C. O. Whitman was lecturing. He had traced the development of the cod's egg back to a single cell of jellied protoplasm, when he paused.

"Gentlemen," he said, with dramatic restraint, "I can go no further. There is that in this cell we call life. But the microscope does not reveal it. We all know what it does. But who knows what it is? Is it a form of motion? The theologian calls it God. I am not a theologian. I do not know what life is."

He need not have been a theologian — only a very little child once, with his lame grandfather to tell him the snake is God's; and in those after years, coming to the end of his great lecture on

the embryology of the cod's egg, and to the greater mystery in that cell of living protoplasm, he would have spoken with authority.

It is not every child whose sleep is as light as little Samuel's, whose dreams are stirred by strange voices as were Joan of Arc's; but there are many more such children than there are parents like Hannah, or priests like Eli, to tell them that it is the voice of God.

The crimson was fading into cold October gray as I came upon him — twelve years old, and just an ordinary boy, his garden fork under the hill of potatoes he had started to dig, his face upturned, his eyes following far off the flight of a wild duck across the sky.

"He who from zone to zone"

I began, more to myself than to him.

"Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight"

he went on, as much to himself as to me.

"Father," he added reflectively, as the bird disappeared down the dusky slope of the sky, "I'm glad I know that piece."

"Why?" I asked.

"I see so much more when the wild ducks fly over."

"How much more do you see?"

"I see the wild ducks and God flying over together."

And is he a poet who sees less? Beauty and truth that do not reach religion do not reach the human heart. An education that lacks religion must lack authority, because it cannot know who made the flat-headed adder, who flies with the wild duck, who works in the cod's egg, to will and to do. Religion is the consciousness of the universe — that it is infinite, eternal, and that it is all God's!

III

THE realm of art, the Kingdom of Heaven, and the life of this dear earth admit only little children. Great utterance is universal utterance, simple, elemental.

Henry Adams, in the course of his "Education," had come up from the South Seas to Paris with John La Farge. "At the galleries and exhibitions he was shocked," so he says, "by the effort of art to be original; and when, one

day, after much reflection, John La Farge asked whether there might not still be room for something simple in art, Adams shook his head. As he saw the world, it was no longer simple and could not express itself simply. It should express what it was, and this was something that neither Adams nor La Farge understood."

The world is not simple; nor the cell of the cod's egg, either. The forces of cleavage are in that cell, the whole fearful fish is there, and future oceans of fish besides, all in that pellucid drop of protoplasm. Society never was, never can be, simple. It cannot be educated for authority, but only to know and accept authority.

But it was precisely this sophisticated world that Adams did understand, and not simple men and women. Adams was not born a babe into life, but an Adams into Boston, with (to quote him) "the First Church, the Boston State House, Beacon Hill, John Hancock and John Adams, Mount Vernon Street, and Quincy all crowding on [his] ten pounds of babyhood." And the trouble with Henry Adams was that he never got from under.

Jesus was more fortunate. He was born in a

stable. Lincoln had the luck of a log cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, as had Cyrus Dallin, the sculptor, only his cabin stood within a stockade in wild, unsettled Utah. Boston has found room for Dallin's "Appeal to the Great Spirit," as the world has found ample room for the "Gettysburg Address"— simple, elemental things of art that shall never want for room. "Art," says Whistler, "is limited to the infinite, and beginning there, cannot progress. The painter has but the same pencil — the sculptor the chisel of centuries."

Chisel and mallet are elemental. There can be no simpler cutting tool than a chisel, the thing Phidias used; the only thing Rodin requires. Chaucer and Shakespeare, and even Spenser, got on without typewriters — harmless things, possibly, but unnecessary for poetry and prophecy.

A poet is still-born in Boston every day — killed by toys in place of the tools that make them; by books in place of the life they tell of; by schools, museums, theaters, and stores, where things are pieced and ordered, filmed, collected, canned, and labeled, in place of a whole

world of whole things, until the little poet asks me, as one did the other day, "What does cream come from?" — a sterilized concoction in a bottle, brought by the grocer, his nearest approach to a cow and a milking-stool! Yet he was to have written of

"Wrinkled skin on scalded milk!"

The educating process is started wrong, and started too early. It is started with books when it ought to start with things, with study when it should be started with work.

Watch a child at mud-pies or building a dam. Such intense application, such concentrated effort, such complete abandon! Play? The sweat on that little face, the tongue tight between the teeth, the utter unconsciousness of burning sun and cooling dinner, are the very signs of divine creative work.

Every son of God, if not a world to create, needs an earth to *subdue*. But instead of allowing him to work, we teach him to be amused, as if his proper frame were passive, his natural action irresponsible; as if he must be kept busy at winding things up and watching them run down.

I say it is started too early — if it starts in a kindergarten. In a nation of poets and prophets there will be no kindergarten. A kindergarten is an institution for the poor. It is a substitute, and a poor one, for the home. It is an educational orphanage, the educational wet-nurse and weaning institute for abdicating parents. It starts the child's institutional life and socializing processes all too early; over-restraining, over-directing, over-training the social at the expense of the original in him, surrounding him too early with the highly complex and refined in place of the simple, the elemental and the raw. It is easier for the camel to get through the needle's eye and for the rich man to get through the gate of Heaven than for a poet to get through a kindergarten alive.

We have not the courage of our convictions — if indeed we have educational convictions! No father, asked for bread, would give a stone; but when asked for truth and beauty and reality, how few of us have the courage to give a son what Jesus had, or Lincoln had, or the two years before the mast that young Richard Henry Dana had!

Quitting his cultured home, his sophisticated college, his conventional city, Dana escaped by way of the old, uncultured sea, with men as uncultured. He had plum-duff on Sundays. "Two Years Before the Mast" tells the story of that escape from scribbling into living, from a state of mind like Boston, out and down around the Horn.

To save the poet and prophet now standardized to scribes, shall we do away with schools? I have known too many free-verse poets, too many fool prophets, to say that. Genius is unique; it is also erratic, and needs to toe the mark in school. The training for expression is more than wandering lonely as a cloud. There is much for the poet in trigonometry, and in English grammar. He must go to school to meet his fellows, too, and his teachers — but not until he is able both to listen to the doctors and to ask them questions.

Education for authority must both precede and continue with conventional education; equal place made for chores, great books, simple people, and the out-of-doors, with that which is made for texts, and recitations, and school-room

drill; parents sharing equally with professional teachers in the whole process, unless we utterly nationalize our children.

Two of my children are in a Boston high school, having five hours of Latin, five of German, five of French, three of English, three of mathematics, three of history, two of military drill — twenty-six hours in all. And they call it education! That is not education. That is getting ready for college — which is not to be confused with education. It fits for college, not for authority; it is almost certain death to originality and the creative faculty.

There must be a course of study in school and college, and it must be shaped to some end. Is it, however, the right end of four years in high school, to get to college? or the right end of four years in college, to get into a job? There is a certain Spartan virtue in this high-school study, something that makes for push and power, but nothing of preparation for great utterance in sermon or song.

One of my boys came home from high school recently and said:

"Father, I've been elected to an office."

"Well," said I, "what office?"

"I've been elected secretary to the debating society."

"Oh," I answered, "I would n't crow over that! I thought you might have been elected president or poet of your class."

"You don't seem to understand, father."

"What don't I understand?" I asked.

"You don't seem to understand there are twenty-eight members in that debating society —"

"Twenty-eight! Why, it's worse than I thought! Twenty-eight in your debating society and twenty-six *hundred* boys in your school? I would n't tell anybody else about my office."

"But you don't let me explain, father."

"Explain what?" I replied.

"That there are twenty-eight members in that society: twenty-six Jews, and two Gentiles — 'Honey' [his younger brother] and myself."

"Do you mean to tell me you got an office, single-handed, away from twenty-six Jews?" I cried. "Here, give me your hand! It's the greatest thing you ever did!"

I say that high-school course makes for push and power. This boy is learning some very necessary things — how to handle those twenty-six Jews — how to commend himself to them for their votes; learn what is commendable in them — for they and he are future Boston. There is no other school that I know, certainly no private school, where this necessary lesson can be learned. Yet this whole course of study makes but little for poetry and prophecy.

The children do not know that the poet in them is being killed. I know — but I only half believe the poet to be in them!

The sin of the fathers — this fear of the divine fire! Mine are ordinary children. I should have adopted them, foundlings of unknown, elfin parentage. Then I had believed, and had given them to Merlin, as Arthur was given, or to the Lord, as Hannah gave little Samuel.

I did have them born and brought up in the hills of Hingham, forced out of the city when the second one came. I gave them the farm, the woods, the great books, the simple people, and religion, but timidly — allowing them at this

day to take fifteen hours of study in foreign languages to three meager hours in their glorious native tongue. And these are to be poets and prophets!

Then they must needs speak in German, French, and Latin. English is a foreign tongue in the Boston high schools. John Gower did his "Confessio Amantis" in three languages, but Geoffrey Chaucer found it a life's task to conquer his native English, sighing:

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne."

Poets have scarcely time to learn their own language. If any of them are going through American high schools, they will learn a few French irregular verbs, know that *Weib* is neuter, and how *Amo* is conjugated, but they will not know the parts of the verbs "lay" and "lie," and their vocabulary of adjectives will be limited to "some" and "dandy" or to "some-dandy."

A young nephew was visiting us not long ago, a graduate of one of the best high schools and one of the best colleges in the land. He had finished his law course, too. We sat down to one

of his aunt's famous chicken dinners. He was enjoying the moment immensely and exclaimed, "This is some-dandy chicken dinner, aunty!"

I took him to drive out on Jerusalem Road, showing him Minot's Light and the ships going over the hills of the sea. He had never seen salt water before and was deeply impressed. By and by he said to me, still gazing rapt across the sea, "This is some-dandy sight, Uncle Dallas."

We swung around through Cohasset back toward home when something went wrong with the Ford. I got out to tinker with the insides of the thing when the young man, with a twinkle in his eye, declared, "You have some-dandy limousine here, uncle."

We got home. He was sitting with his aunt talking of things back West at home.

"Do you remember Charlie Jones, aunty?" he asked. "Did you know he had died? No? Yes, he's gone. He was my dearest friend. I never had an experience that more nearly broke me up than that, aunty." Then, after a moment's pause, he went on with great feeling and solemnity, "But I'll tell you, aunty, we did give him some-dandy funeral."

All the way from a chicken fricassee to a funeral he had this same hyphenated bastard of an adjective with which to express his emotions. The consequence was he had the same emotion all the time. He did not know whether he was eating a chicken dinner or going to a funeral.

Is this the education for poetry and prophecy, or for those who plead before twelve good men and true?

"We don't need to study English, we inherit it," one of my college men said to me.

"How much did you inherit?" I asked; and as a test turned to Whittier's "Snow-Bound," which lay on my lecture-room desk, and read to him —

> "Meanwhile we did our nightly chores
> Brought in the wood from out of doors"

— and the ten lines that follow, finding eight words —"littered," "mows," "walnut bows," "herd's-grass," "stanchion," "chores," "querulous," and "birch"— that were foreign to him and to the majority of the class — without meaning, and so without image and poetry. It chanced that I was wearing a brown Windsor tie, and I saw one

student nudge another and whisper, "The cows had 'walnut bows' on like the professor's."

Rubbing it in a little, I declared that I could open any English book, and on any page find a word that none of them had ever used, and that most of them would not even understand. On my desk lay a small wrapped book from some publisher. I cut the string and found I had a supplementary reader for eighth grade school children, and opening it in the middle, took the middle paragraph on the page, and began to read:

"The ragged copses on the horizon showed the effect of the severe shelling"— a war-story, reprinted from the "Youth's Companion"!

"Copses," I said to the young man who had inherited the English language; "what does 'ragged copses' mean?"

He took one profound look into his heritage — in the region of his diaphragm — then cast his eyes slowly around the horizon of the room, and answered, that he did n't know what the ragged *policemen* were doing there in No Man's Land!

I turned to a young woman student. "What does 'ragged copses' mean?" I asked.

She raised her hands to her face, shivered cruelly, and replied that she just hated such horrid words — she just hated to think of that battle-field all strewn with ghastly tattered *corpses!*

And what shall be said of another college man, reporter on the "Boston Globe," whose chief told me of sending him to get a story about a little bay colt that was prancing gayly up Newspaper Row. Turning at the office door, the reporter asked doubtfully, "You said a *bay* colt — Is that some kind of sea-horse?"

"Who said sea-horse?" snorted the editor. "I said a bay colt out on the street."

"Is that a new breed of horse?"

"Breed?" roared the editor. "Breed? I said a bay colt — a color, not a breed!"

"Oh, come now," said the undone reporter, "don't jolly me. There is n't any such color in the rainbow."

"Nor among neckties either," added the editor; "but there is among horses, as any farm-boy knows."

What any farm-boy knows is the beginning of the knowledge and the foundation of the vocabu-

lary of authority. The farm-boy's elemental, but amazingly varied, word-horde is the very form of universal speech. Poets and prophets have always used his simple words; and poets and prophets must ever live as he lives, and learn what he has learned of language and things.

IV

ALL great utterance is not only religious and simple, it is original. And somewhere in the course of the child's education, he must be given the raw materials, I say, out of which original things are made; and the original patterns according to which they are made. But this cannot be done in any school.

God speaks to the man, not to the multitude — to Moses on the Mount, not to the people huddled in the plain. Society commissions, but the individual finds the truth, reveals the beauty.

We know that scribes get together in schools, but we forget that creators work "each in his separate star," as lonely as God; and that the education of the creator is strictly in the hands of those strictly responsible for him. The re-

sponsibility of professional teachers is for children. They must think children, in terms of men and women; and must educate them for society. We parents must think the child, must educate the child, not for society, but for himself — for authority. The teachers, looking upon their pupils, see the people, equal before the law, sharing alike the privileges, shouldering alike the responsibilities — one another's keepers, upon whose intelligence and right spirit the Nation rests. Thus, as teachers, do they see their children and their educational duty.

As a parent, I must see my child as foreordained from the foundation of the world; and looking upon him, I must cry, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor — or poet, or prophet, for he shall have authority." So, as a parent, I must think of my child and of my educational duty.

God's work is not done; and mine may be the son called from the beginning, to complete in line, or color, or word, or deed, the divine thing God started but could not finish. For God is not

complete until he is made flesh, and dwells among us.

There is no school that can provide for this Only Son. School education is social — it is for all; for life together; how to even and average life's extremes. The private school for the brilliant mind is pure sophistry, and simon-pure snobbery. Averaging, of course, is a process down, as well as up, to a common level — a social level. Democracy is that common social level. Education in a democracy must average — teach the high to come down, the humble to rise, and all of us to walk together. Not trying to do more than this for any, nor daring to do less than this for all, it must hinder no mind either by merging individuality, or by setting up a material well-being for the better values of the spirit.

The level of education has risen lately in the public schools; university standards meanwhile have distinctly deteriorated — have sought the average. "College education is now aimed to qualify the student, not to give him quality." The college has become a business institution; even the college of liberal arts is now a pre-

pedagogical, pre-medical, pre-legal, or some other pre-practical vocational school.

Students still come to college to serve, come seeing visions, too, being young — but visions of business. In the multitude of twenty college classes passing through my lecture-room I know of but one student to finish his course, bent as he was born, to poetry. He is now spinning a Ph.D. cocoon for himself, the poet about to emerge a college professor!

This is not the fault of youth. Trailing clouds of glory do they come from God who was their home. But they land in America for business. And in such numbers!

I believe in numbers, in business. I freely trust the work of the State with this safe, sane average — but it was none of them who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Proclamation of Emancipation, or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The poet cannot be the direct product of the schools. His education is more out of things than books, more out of solitude than society, more out of nature than schools. The author is single, original, free; he uses raw materials, ele-

ments, earths that are without form and void. In him is the pattern of all new worlds. His life is to shape them, and give them suns and stars. But in place of raw materials, the unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, we give him only the graded systems of the schools, which make for many essential things, but which may be more deadly to his creative faculty than anything the headlong angels fell on in Hell. For they had, at least,

"The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss,"

through whose obscure one of them must find his uncouth way; whereas our unfallen children are run into the school machine at five, and earlier, as oranges into a sorter, the little ones dropping out through their proper hole into shop or office, the bigger ones rolling on until they tumble into college.

Human nature is unique, and not to be handled by machine. It is active, a doing nature, fit for unfinished earth, not heaven, the earth-partner, and co-creator in God's slowly shaping world. Send human nature to school? But if school can make them, why are we without "a

great poet, a great philosopher, a great religious leader"? Why is it that "the great voices of the spirit are stilled just now"? It is because education is too far removed from the simple, the original — from life and nature.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story book,
Thy father has written for thee.'"

That was the first story-book. It still remains the greatest of source-books. Here the human story begins; against this background the plot unfolds; and here ends. Here is written that older tale of *Limulus polyphemus*, the horseshoe crab, and that ancienter story of the stars. Into the Book of Nature are bound all the "Manuscripts of God"— the originals of all authors, whether they create in words, or notes, or colors, or curves; the originals of the past, of the present, and that longer, richer future.

"'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God!'"

Mother of us all, Nature should be the teacher of all, lest she be denied that chosen one to

whom she would give authority. It is she who shall show him how, "in the citron wing of the pale butterfly with its dainty spots of orange," he shall see "the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars"; and "how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue."

But these things are written in books, and hung in galleries, and can be taught more quickly there? They cannot be taught at all there. Nature keeps no school. She teaches her pupils singly, revealing to each what is for him alone. He can learn many things in school, but not authority — not how to paint Whistler's "Mother," or how to write Wordsworth's "Stepping Westward," or how to cut a single marble of the Parthenon.

"By what authority doest thou these things?"

The poet answers: "Nature is my authority,

> 'And that auxiliar light
> Which on the setting sun bestows new splendor.'"

Yet the schools overflow, as if authority were there! Students come to paint and to play, before they learn to see and hear; they come to

write, before experience has given them anything to say. They must come to school, the prophet from the wilderness, the poet from the fields and hills, when twice ten summers have stamped their minds forever with

"The faces of the moving year."

The first Monday of September, Labor is on parade. The Tuesday after, and the school-children of America are on the march — a greater host than Labor's, as its work is greater. This is the vastest thing we Americans do, this mighty making of the democratic mind — the average mind. But it is not a poetic-prophetic mind we are making — not educated for authority.

Too, too few of all this marching multitude are coming to their little books well read in the Book of Nature; and to their little teachers from earlier, elemental lessons with the thoughtful hills, with the winds, and the watchful stars.

"Earth and the common face of nature"

have not spoken to them

"rememberable things."

This is not for the schools to do; this is *beyond* the schools to do; and besides, it is then too late;

for Derwent, or some other winding stream, should murmur to the poet-babe while still in arms, and give him

> "Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
> A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
> That Nature breathes among the hills and groves."

We Americans do not give beauty and joy to our children. We are not a happy-hearted, imaginative people. It is the foreign children who steal the flowers from our parks; who dance to the hurdy-gurdy; who haunt our picture galleries — little lovers of warmth and tone and color!

Every worker bee in the hive might have been a queen, had not the pitiless economy of the colony cramped her growing body into a worker cell, till, pinched and perverted, she takes her place in the fearful communism of the tribe, an unsexed thing, the normal mother in her starved into an abnormal worker, her very ovipositor turned from its natural use into a poison-tipped sting.

Theoretically, we are not communistic, but in industry and education we have put the worker-cell theory into operation, cramping the growing

child into practically a uniform vocational system, intellectually overfeeding, and spiritually underfeeding the creator in him into a worker — a money-maker.

Some fathers of us, more mothers, perhaps, might ask prophets and poets of the Lord; but who of us would have the courage to educate such children for poetry and prophecy?

THE END

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